The Ypsilantian

EIGHTH YEAR. YPSILANTI, MICHIGAN, THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1887. NUMBER 413.

NIGHT SCHOOL

BEGINS AT

Cleary's Business College.

MONDAY EVENING, DEC. 5,

and will continue for twelve weeks, with sessions Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings of each week. Book-keeping (actual business from the beginning), Arithmetic, Penmanship, Grammar, Spelling, Business Forms, Correspondence, Shorthand and Typewriting. For particnlars regarding terms and hours for study, call at the College Office

P. R. CLEARY, Principal.

GIVE THE NEW

Jewelry and Stationery Store

A call and examine the large assortment of

Wedding, Anniversary and Holiday Gifts.

The most complete line of Stationery, Plush Goods and Novelties in the city.

Watch and Jewelry Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

E. L. HOUGH,

JEWELER AND OPTICIAN,

Huron Street, - - Ypsilanti, Mich.

GREAT DRESS GOODS SALE

—AT—

H. P. GLOVER'S

We will offer our entire stock of

COLORED AND FANCY DRESS GOODS

VELVETS AND PLUSHES,

At a SWEEPING REDUCTION from former prices. Sale to begin Friday. Nov. 18, 1887.

BARGAINS IN CLOAKS, CLOAKS, CLOAKS

IMPORTANT!

We have the Exclusive Sale of the

CELEBRATED

PONTIAC KNIT & FELT BOOTS

For this vicinity.

THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

If you want low price felts we have them, 75 cents per pair and upwards. Our Motto:

GOOD GOODS AT ROCK BOTTOM PRICES.

GOODSPEED & SONS

8 CONGRESS STREET.

F. A. OBERST,

—DEALER IN—

FLOUR, FEED AND COAL

Stationery and all Leading Periodicals. Headquarters for Fresh Fish.

DEPOT POST OFFICE,

Follett House Block, Cross St.

Goods delivered to any part of the city.

T. S. ANDERSON, Pres. J. K. BURNHAM, V. P.
R. S. MASON, Cashier.

State Savings Bank,

91 Griswold St., Detroit, Mich.

CASH CAPITAL, - $200,000

FOUR per cent. Interest paid on Savings Deposits.
Directors—R. A. Alger, T. S. Anderson, M. S. Smith, Hugh McMillan, F. J. Hecker, W. K. Anderson, R. S. Mason, C. L. Freer, G. H. Russel, W. C. McMillan, J. K. Burnham, H. C. Parke. Attorneys—Walker & Walker.

The Ypsilantian.

ESTABLISHED JANUARY 1, 1880.

SMITHE & POWERS, Publishers.
(GEO. C. SMITHE, - - PERRY F. POWERS.)

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Advertising rates reasonable, and made known on application.

Address THE YPSILANTIAN, Ypsilanti, Mich

Change of Firm.

With this issue of The Ypsilantian, the firm of Smithe & Powers, by whom the paper has been conducted for nearly three years, terminates by mutual consent. Mr. Powers has sold his interest to Prof. Wm. M. Osband of this city, and the business will continue under the firm of Smithe & Osband, who will fulfill all existing contracts. Mr. Osband is too well known in this county and vicinity, as professional and business man and citizen, to need any introduction through these columns, and the community will need no assurance that he will labor faithfully for the common welfare, in this field as he has in others.

Mr. Powers goes to Cadillac, where he has bought the News and Express, a well established republican journal and the most prominent in that part of the state. He takes possession there today, but will return the last of the week to close up his affairs here.

THE LIGHT WILL SHINE.—Next Saturday night is the date fixed for setting the city ablaze with celestial radiance from the dynamos. The machinery is all in place, the lines are complete, and the lamps are being rapidly tested and hung. Our towers are high enough to light all the surrounding country, and the people may see the glow about 6 o'clock.

SIGN YOUR NAME.—We must caution friends against sending matters for publication without letting us know the source from which they come. We are thankful, always, for items of information that should appear in the paper; but it is a very necessary rule that the name of the sender should accompany them, as assurance of genuinness and accuracy.

NORMAL PRINCIPALS.—The last number of the Normal News gives the names and dates of the several Principals of the Normal School since its establishment, as follows:

1852-1865—A. S. Welch.
1865-1871—D. P. Mayhew.
1871-1872—C. F. R. Bellows, acting Principal.
1872-1880—Joseph Estabrook.
1880-1881—M. McVicar.
1881-1883—Daniel Putnam, acting Principal.
1883-1885—Edwin Willits.
1885-1886—Daniel Putnam, acting Principal.
1886—J. M. B. Sill.

MORE ANN ARBOR LITIGATION.—The Ann Arbor school district has been sued in the Wayne Circuit Court, by Donaldson and Meier of Detroit, who claim $2000 damages on account of the rejection of their plans for a school building after they had been adopted by the Board. The rejection was because of the architects' refusal to bond themselves beyond the amount of their commission to keep the building expenses within the estimate.

THANKSGIVING OFFERING.—The ladies of the Congregational church of this city have been engaged the last week or two in preparing a box of clothing and other useful articles for the benefit of a home missionary laborer in the northern part of the state, and have this week packed it and forwarded it to its destination. The beneficiary in this case is the successor of the one to whom they sent a box two years ago, and knowledge of the circumstances assures us that the benevolence is well bestowed.

WELCOME RAIN.—The rains that began Thursday morning continued with little intermission till Sunday noon, extended over nearly the whole country, and did incalculable good. Forest and prairie fires were devastating the southern and western states, and farmers in this vicinity were driving stock two or three miles for water. A great deal more rain is needed to fill the ground. The cold wave that followed the rain was severe in the northwest, and sunk the mercury to 12° here, Monday morning. In Minnesota and Dakota it ranged from 8 to 22 below zero, and Waterloo, Iowa, reports 38 below, which hardly seems credible.

GOOD PROGRESS.—The walls of Cleary's Commercial Hall are going up this week at a rapid rate, and are already ten or twelve feet from the ground. The long stretch of 110 feet across the north side begins to look imposing. Mr. Brown, from the office of the architects in Detroit, is superintending the work, to insure its thoroughness in every detail. It is now intended to go on this winter with the main building reaching to Congress street, as well as with this north wing, which will insure the completion of the whole college earlier than first contemplated. The contractor, Mr. Phil. S. Chapoton, gave his employes a Thanksgiving treat—a turkey to each man of family, and cash and cigars to the others.

RESIGNATION.—Col. Robinson, of the Fourth Regiment state militia, has offered his resignation, and his staff officers follow with theirs. The colonel gives as one of his reasons the fact that many employers of the men refuse to give them time to attend drills and encampments, upon pain of loss of situations, and so the efficiency of the organization cannot be made what he desires. Complaint of that kind has not existed here, and the Ypsilanti company, which belongs to the Fourth Regiment, has been able to turn out a good line on important occasions. It is thought that Col. Robinson may be prevailed upon to reconsider his resignation. If not, the officers of the regiment will be called upon to elect a colonel.

HE PRACTICED HIS THEOLOGY.—The Rev. J. M. Getchell is pastor of the Universalist church at Tecumseh, and preaches the universal salvation of all men—and women. In order to even things up so that the sinners of this world may go in on equal terms with the saints, in the next world, some suppose that there must be a good deal of retribution for the wicked here. Mr. Getchel evidently held this view, and considered himself an agent commissioned to see that there should be no failure in the retribution. This solemn duty devolved upon him a necessity that was no doubt painful to his sensitive soul, but he did not shrink. His wife seemed to him to require chastisement, and he chastised her, as she represents in her bill of complaint, frequently and severely. She says he claimed, shortly after their marriage in 1875, that it was his duty to inflict corporal punishment upon her when he deemed it necessary, and had many times since put his belief in practice. Mrs. Getchell finds herself unable to share her husband's views in that respect, and after twelve years' endurance she now files a bill for divorce. Tecumseh is much excited over the case, and awaits developments with nervous anxiety.

—Another clerical divorce scandal is uncovered in the answer of Mrs. Ten Brook to the application of her husband, the Rev. Andrew Ten Brook, late professor at the University, for divorce. She charges him with very brutal treatment of her and her children, and squandering her money.

A GRAND TRIP.—About five weeks since, Mr. Albert Loomis started on a prospecting tour for the far west. Recent letters to his family give many interesting items connected with his trip. Since he left Chicago, he has been almost constantly on the wing, stopping over night at Kansas City; thence to Salt Lake where he found more "saints" than sanctity; over the mountains to Sacramento, which was the first place that, in any of its features, reminded him of Michigan and home. He found the city thronged with visitors from every part of the United States, most of them seeking the fortunes so recklessly promised on railroad circulars. It has not yet been announced that all have become rich. From Sacramento, he went to Los Angeles, where, judging from the name, he must have found angelic people, some say "lost angels." Whether this be true or not it seemed to him an angelic place where the "waters not forgotten of the foot" bring forth blossom and fruitage from soil naturally arid and barren. Orange blossoms scent the air, while the golden fruit gladdens the eye and suggests an elysium of sweets. He found Mr. Corey at Coraldo Beach, not far from San Diego, building houses at $3.50 per day and selling lots bought two or three months earlier, at $250 advance. Everybody sees a fortune just ahead. After listening to the wild stories of western finance till every sand hill seemed a heap of gold and every man a liar, he started for Oregon and Washington Territory, where he expects to spend about two weeks, and then return by the northern route. Mr. Loomis has brothers and other relatives living in various parts visited, and so has found his journey one of great pleasure. He is expected to return in about a week.

Parlor Lecture at Principal Sill's.

A notable entertainment will take place under the auspices of the different societies of St. Luke's church, when Capt. Fentress, of the United States navy, will deliver a lecture based on his personal experience and observation in China. The lecture will doubtless be unique: for most of our current information is taken from the reports of missionaries, which, though correct, are based upon experience among the lower classes. This lecture will open up a new vein of information about the upper classes of China. General admission 25 cents. Time, Friday, Dec. 2, at 7.30 p. m.

Normal Items.

J. W. Kennedy, a well-remembered Normalite of '87, now Principal of the schools at Parma, spent a part of his Thanksgiving vacation in Ypsilanti. It may be appropriate to mention in this connection that Miss Mattie McFarlane, now teaching in the St. Clair schools, was also a Thanksgiving visitor here.

Charley M. Robbins, one of the handsome, gushing graduates of '84, spent Thanksgiving in the Normal city. Charley is now located at Blissfield as Principal of the schools there. He likes the school and town, and the affection is returned on the part of the pupils, the parents and the Blissfield public generally, with increased interest.

Died.

SUDDEN SUMMONS.

Wells Burt, a prominent business man of Detroit, and a former well-known resident of this city, died suddenly, of heart disease, Tuesday. He had been apparently in usual health to within a few hours of his death. Mr. Burt was a native of Erie county, N. Y., and was 67 years old. He came to the Territory of Michigan with his father in 1825. Twenty-five years ago he located in Ypsilanti for the purpose of educating his children, and several years ago removed to Detroit, and was president of the Union Iron Company at the time of his death. His wife and five children survive him, one daughter being the wife of Henry Jenness; and the estate is valued at a half million dollars. Funeral service at the residence, 1077 Woodward avenue, at 1:30 to-morrow, and the omission of flowers is requested.

Mrs. Maria Scott of this city, who had been for some time attending upon an invalid daughter in Detroit, died there quite suddenly on Thanksgiving Day, and the burial occurred here on Saturday. She will be remembered as conducting a small store near the post-office on Huron street, a few years ago. A son, Wm. Green, resides here, and a daughter, Annie, who graduated from the High School last year, is teaching in this vicinity.

Dr. Bonsteel, whose summons to Corry, Pa., was mentioned last week, found his brother dead on his arrival. He died of diphtheria contracted in the practice of his profession as a physician. Dr. A. S. Bonsteel was the youngest brother of Dr. O. S. Bonsteel of this city, and studied medicine in the office of the latter at Plymouth, Mich., over twenty years ago. He had been in practice at Corry many years, and the rank he had attained, both as a citizen and in his profession, is shown by the distinguished honor paid to his memory. Many physicians from Erie and Cleveland attended the funeral, and societies and the press united in high praise of his character and worth. He had been president of the county association, and was a member of the State and American associations and had served twice as delegate to each, and six years as chairman of the board of district censors. He was 49 years of age, and had a wife and four children.

Theodore Wood of Chelsea had a sad Thanksgiving day indeed. When he went home from his business as cashier of the Chelsea Bank, the evening preceding, he found his wife dead upon the floor, the result of apoplexy.

Emanuel Mann, an old and prominent citizen of Ann Arbor, died last Thursday, aged 73. He had served in the Senate, and filled other honorable positions.

Mrs. Caroline Cullum of Ann Arbor, aged 50, died last week, of peritonitis.

Charles Almendinger, a pioneer settler of Lodi, died last week, aged 68 years. He came to this county with his father in 1825, from Pennsylvania.

Charles A. Davis, a compositor in the office of the Ann Arbor Democrat, died suddenly, last week, and a post mortem examination disclosed a clot of blood in each ventricle of the heart. He was a son of Elder Lorenzo Davis.

Mr. L. W. Lake, having resided in the vicinity of Ypsilanti for many years, and by his genial kindness, and uprightness of dealing, won for himself a large number of friends, it seems due to his memory that more than the mere notice of his death be given. He was born in Harpersfield, Delaware Co., N. Y., April 29, 1816. When he was nine years of age, his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Lake, removed to Rochester, N. Y. In the spring of 1842 he came to Michigan, his home being near Rawsonville for twenty-three years; then in this city seven years, since which time until his death on the 17th of November he has lived in the town of York. His neighbors esteemed him highly, and they will miss him; but to her with whom his life has been united full forty years, and to his son and daughter and only sister, the loss is irreparable.

Comstock's dress goods sale causes considerable excitement.

Bargains at H. P. Glover's. One case of ladies' white merino vests, silk finished at 40 cts., worth 50 cts.

Comstock's dress goods are down lower than ever. Some at almost half price.

Hewitt & Champion are selling a good kid button for ladies' wear at one dollar and fifty cents. Call and see them.

$2 00 velvet for $1.12½ at Comstock's.

Our specialty for the holiday trade will be silk and cashmere mufflers, which will be offered at tempting prices, at H. P. Glover's.

Splendid unbleached cotton for 5 cts. at Comstock's.

Ask Hewitt & Champion to show you their ladies' bright dongola button at two dollars. A durable shoe.

Hewitt & Champion are selling a beautiful French kid button hand turned and hand sewed shoe for three dollars and fifty cents.

Don't forget Comstock's dress goods sale.

Musin Concert—Opera House—to-night.

Personal.

Harry Sayles, the evangelist, returned from Baltimore last week.

Samuel Hand spent Thanksgiving with his daughter, who is teaching at Romeo.

Geo. C. Smithe spent Thanksgiving with his daughter, who is studying at Oberlin.

Mrs. John Schrader is spending a few weeks with her daughter, Mrs. Herbert Fielding of Wyandotte.

Miss Carrie Warren, of Wawatoso, Wis., spent Thanksgiving at Mrs. Albert Loomis'. She is a sister-in-law of Mr. Oliver Loomis.

W. H. Pottle of Manchester, long a prominent citizen of the county, goes to Arkansas City, Kansas, to engage in a large dry goods business.

Harvey Skidmore and wife, of Pontiac, Spent Thanksgiving with Dr. Van-Tuyl and wife, renewing a pleasant acquaintance formed in Florida, a few years ago.

E. M. Comstock and family, Prof. D'Ooge, and other Ypsilantians, sought the classic shades of Ann Arbor for their Thanksgiving holiday.

Mr. B. F. Bailey, of Cleary's Business College, and Miss Sarah E. Straight of Coldwater, were married at the latter place on the 23d. Cards announce them "at home" after the 26th, at 33 Ellis street.

Mr. P. H. Dolan of Williamston, Mich., spent Friday last in this city. He brought very gratifying information as to the excellent success of Mr. T. L Evans as Principal of the Williamston schools.

Mr. Devereaux, a Normal student of '67-70, was in town over Sunday. He went from here to Ontanagon to teach, graduated from the law department of the University in '76, and is now in practice, and a member of the school board, at Mt. Pleasant.

Mrs. Watson Barr of Stony Creek, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Emma Barr of this city, spent Thanksgiving and the following day with her daughter, Mrs. E. F. Gee, at Farmington.

Mrs. Harriet Wisewell, of Canandaigua, N. Y., has been visiting her brother and sister in this city, Mr. Nathan Reed and Mrs. Helen Jiles, during the past week. Mrs. Wisewell visited this section of Michigan thirty-eight years ago.

Mr. W. S. Canfield, who was last week adjudged insane, was sent to the Pontiac asylum, his father accompanying him. Intelligence received since reports him sufficiently improved to be able to sleep, and to realize the need of his being there.

Mr. N. B. Perkins is still in Fargo, Dak., but is arranging his business affairs for an early return to Ypsilanti. Everybody will be glad to know that the distinguished champion of Jeffersonian principles will soon put an end to the spiritless condition of politics so manifest at the Depot since his departure.

Miss Della Pierce, of Saginaw, is visiting her former college friends, Miss Ada Norton, her classmate, Dr. Hopkins and Professor and Mrs. Osband, her former teachers. Miss Pierce has just entered upon a medical course at the University.

John Kisch, for four years in the employ of the Michigan School Furniture Co. of Northville, has returned to Ypsilanti and is now engaged with O. E. Thompson. Ypsilanti can stand any number of faithful, industrious young men like Johnny.

Mr. John S. Lang of this city and Miss Jane Baker of Superior were married in the latter town, on the 23d ult., by the Rev. Mr. Fairfield; and on the day following, in this city, by the same, Mr. Frank Augustus and Miss Kittie Knapp were married.

Mr. and Mrs. Carver, who have spent several weeks at the Hawkins House, as they have been in the habit of doing for several autumns past, departed for their home in Boston, Monday.

Rev. T. W. MacLean is enjoying a visit from the Rev. Dr. Hall, of Lima, Ohio, whom he met on his European trip, last summer.

A Wonderful Chair.

An ingenious and valuable invention in the way of an operating chair, is one recently purchased and added to his superb gallery by Mr. J. J. Stephenson. Its most noticeable feature is a small "baby chair," so arranged that a baby can be comfortably seated and supported in an upright position, alone or by the side of its mother in a variety of positions without the annoyance and loss of time heretofore caused. This arrangement for the baby is only an annex to the wonderful chair, and it is remarkable as well as adjustable. When a photographic patient is once seated in the new chair, his troubles are ended so far as that sitting is concerned; the chair itself will adapt him to any altitude or attitude, any position or posture, and will insure a first-class negative any time.

Speaking of photographs, reminds us that the Holidays will soon be here, and all who wish to secure photographs by that time should call at Stephenson's gallery soon, as there is usually a rush for work in that line during the days immediately preceding Christmas.

Remember, the invitation to call at Stephenson's Gallery, over the post-office, and inspect the elegant bromide work displayed there, and the handsome frames, is a general one. Call there when you can, whether you wish work done or not.

Mere Mention.

The Woman's Club will meet with Miss L. A. Spencer, Tuesday afternoon, Dec. 6th.

Wolverine Tent No. 77, K. O. T. M., will hold its annual election of officers at the next regular review, Wednesday evening, Dec. 14.

The ladies of the Sappho Club will devote Wednesday evening of next week to a "Mozart" program at the residence of Prof. George.

The Eastern Michigan Poultry Breeders' Association will meet Saturday evening at 7:30 o'clock, at Hemphill, Batchelder and Co's. Bank. All "fanciers" invited.

The Presbyterian ladies of Saline give an entertainment to-morrow evening, with an apron sale in the afternoon—the proceeds to be invested in wall paper for the church.

Geo J. Nissley is president of the Eastern Michigan Poultry Breeder's Association.

The balance wheel of a horse-power stalk-cutter in Lodi, burst last week, one of the pieces breaking the leg of Fred Kader.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Francis, Emmit street, next Tuesday at 3 p. m., at which time Mrs. Bassett will give a report of the late convention recently held at Nashville. All are invited. Come and hear what women are doing. COR. SEC.

Jurors for the December term of the Circuit Court include John Boice and C. Simmons of this city, N. R. Watling of the town, Wm. Siegel of Augusta, L. B. Webster of Pittsfield, R. J. Brown of Superior, W. W. Kelsey of York, Henry Braun of Ann Arbor town.

All the old settlers and others interested should remember the meeting of the county pioneer society, at Chelsea, next Wednesday at 10 o'clock.

Tony Schiappacasse, our former fruit merchant, had his head cut open, last week, by an assault from some students whom he had accused of theft. The merits of the case have to be determined in court.

The fourth ward school building is to have a new bell—a good big one, large enough to rouse the ambition of every child in the ward and sweet enough to woo the most laggard to the the temple of wisdom.

We are glad to note that the removal of the bodies from the old cemetery has already begun. It is to be hoped that the coming season may see the purpose of the City Council fully realized, and a park which shall be an ornament to the city, take the place of the unsightly growth of noxious weeds and underbrush which have been so long an offense to the community.

The Pittsfield swamps produced 20,000 bushels of onions this year, which sold at an average price of 65 cents a bushel.

Ypsilanti celery is preferable to the Kalamazoo article. There is one thing for celery growers to learn, vis: How to grow more hearts and less outside stalks.—Courier. Ypsilanti has made good progress in that direction. We never saw finer celery than our growers produce.

Rev. G. C. Empson has resigned the the pastorate of the Congregational church at Wayne, and accepted one at Sault Ste. Marie.

Eli Ward of Sylvan has sued the Michigan Central for $10,000 damages, for striking his wagon with a train while crossing the track, and injuring him severely. He claims that the company had not constructed a lawful crossing.

Prof. Mansill warns us that December is likely to be a cold and stormy month, with much snow in northern districts. The principal disturbing positions of the planets are located about the 3d to 7th, 10th to 15th, and 23d to 29th.

The regular monthly meeting of the Prohibition Club will be held in Good Templar Hall next Tuesday evening. Short addresses by citizens and students. All are cordially invited.

On Sunday evening, Bible services will be held at St. Luke's church. The 2d Sunday in Advent is Bible Sunday in the Episcopal church. Addresses will be given by the Rector, Principal Sill, Professors Putnam, Lodeman and D'Ooge, and will be upon special and characteristic parts in Bible literature and influence.

Rev. Dr. L. M. Woodruff will lecture at Cleary's Business College to-morrow afternoon at 1:45 o'clock—Friday, Dec. 2.

The Y. W. C. A. will meet in the Baptist chapel each Sunday afternoon during the month of December.

Mr. E. B. Morehouse, a gentleman who has lately settled here with his family, takes charge of the insurance business of Allen & McCorkle, and hereafter may be found at their office.

Jumbo is its name. We have one in this office, to write our editorials with—a pencil about a yard long, intended to be wielded with both hands—and the other papers would better stand from under. It is one of the novelties with which Samson has enriched his holiday stock.

There will be a dime musicale given in the parlors of Mrs. D. C. Batchelder, next Tuesday evening, Dec. 6, beginning promptly at eight o'clock.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Presbyterian church will hold a sale of various useful and ornamental goods in the church basement on the 14th of December.

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, - MICH.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1887.

A man in West Dover Hundred, Del., sold his vote for two pumpkins at a recent election.

A bronze statue of Longfellow is soon to be erected in Portland, Me., the city of his birth.

The Rev. Morgan Dix has completed his twenty-fifth year as rector of Trinity Church, New York.

Joseph Snyder, residing near Little York, is the smallest voter in New Jersey. He is 22 years old, weighs 73 pounds, and is 39 inches high.

The sultan of Morocco has been tormented by a revolt in his harem, and forty of his majesty's ladies have been distributed among officers of his guards.

In the seventeenth century, according to the records of Doncaster, England, the proper length of a pole to hold a ducking-stool for scolds was sixteen yards.

A citizen of San Francisco has requested the Chinese goverment to supply thirty jinrikisha men for the purpose of opening a business in jinrikishas in that city.

Mrs. Mart Holcomber of Brady Island, Neb., cleaned out a den of snakes on her farm recently, killing forty of the reptiles. The only weapon she used was a stout club.

The registration in Philadelphia generally largely exceeds that of New York, although at the last presidential election New York polled 230,000 votes to Philadelphia's 175,000.

Thomas A. Edison is an inveterate pipe-smoker. It is said that he has invented a new kind of pipe which will make a sensation in the world of puffers. There is no electricity about it.

Druggist Flemming of Duquesne, formerly of Fayette City, boasts the first baby-boy born in that town. He calls it Thomas Benton Schnatterly Boyle Cleveland Genius of Liberty Flemming.

Mrs. Jefferson Davis is said to have remarked at Macon that she never from the first believed in the success of the Southern Confederacy, but always told Mr. Davis that defeat was only a matter of time.

Mrs. Johnson Newman, living near Jasper, Tex., heard dogs barking near her house and discovered that they were holding a large deer at bay in a fence-corner. She got an ax and killed the deer.

Charles Dickens was presented to a man in Boston a few days ago who opened the conversation by the graceful remark that the son of the famous novelist is not the man his father was. The conversation ended just there.

Workmen digging in a Georgia iron mine came upon a pine stump, or what had been a pine stump, now converted into brown iron ore. The stump showed all the fibers and bark of the original pine tree, and resin streaks were plainly seen in places.

Miss Olive Risley Seward whose article on "A Diplomatic Episode" appeared in *Scribner*, is the adopted daughter of the late Secretary Seward, who left her $30,000 on condition that she should take the name of Seward. Her home is in Washington.

Frank Winnie, a Texas negro of no education is said to be a prodigy of mechanical genius. He exhibited at the Dallas fair recently a steam engine of small size but remarkable power which, it is predicted, will work a revolution in mechanical ideas.

The Hanover (Mich.) *Times* announces that it will take in payment for subscriptions wheat, potatoes, old stovepipes, turnips, beets, parsnips, beeswax, onions, cider, butter, lard, cast-off clothing, old rubber shoes, oyster-cans, old iron, and money.

Keeper Judson of the Stratford light-house, near Bridgeport, Conn., has a cocker spaniel dog that has become an expert fish-catcher. He took up the sport of his own notion, and pursues it regularly and enthusiastically. The other day he carried to his master a two-pound-and-a-half-eel.

Joseph Hoffman, the infantile pianist, rules the whole family, as prodigies are very apt to do so. Happening to take a meal on an ocean steamer before he started, he refused to cross on that vessel because the cooking did not suit him, and his father had to have the baggage carried back to the pier.

A man with a load of hay attempted to go through a toll-gate near Brockville, Canada, but the gate was too narrow. The toll-keeper then pulled down the fence and the load was taken through the hole. On being asked to pay the usual toll the driver refused on the ground that he had not passed through the gate.

Lieut. Foulke of the United States navy and at one time Acting Minister to Corea, is about to marry a Japanese girl said to be of unusual intelligence and culture. Fifteen years ago another American naval officer renouced wife, home, friends, and profession for love of a Japanese lass, dress and name.

An Omaha paper says that a Union Pacific freight train was delayed two hours at Cheyenne the other day because the engine caller whose duty it is to notify conductors and engineers when their trains are ready, had been chased to the top of a remote box car and kept there by a black bear, which had escaped from a cage.

Kentucky papers contain glowing accounts of the eloquence of Mrs. Lulu Nield, a lecturer, who is arousing the State to the evils of intemperance. She recently invaded Versailles, the home of Senator Blackburn; and the Woodford *Sun* says that the distinguished Kentuckian cannot hold a candle to her as an orator.

Herne, traveling among the Indians was asked by a friendly chief for a charm against his enemy. Hearne wrote some words and made some marks on a piece of paper. The Indian took care that the facts should come to his enemy's ears, and the "brave" in question forthwith sickened and died, having been killed by his imagination.

A St. Louis man tells as the truth that he saw a large blacksnake catch a rabbit and swallow it and then crawl part way through the fence and catch another rabbit. Having swallowed the second morsel the snake could not crawl backward or forward, the hole in the fence being too small to allow the rabbits to pass. In that position the snake was killed.

BILL NYE AS A CANDIDATE.

His Friends were Proud Because He was so Poor.

Practising a Hollow Laugh to Bide His Pain —Advice from the Groceryman—Affecting References to His Lack of Money—In Spite of All, the Other Man Somehow Got the Place—List of Debts.

The heat and venom of our own campaign here brings back to my mind with wonderful clearness the bitter and acrimonious war and the savage factional fight which characterized my own legislative candidacy in what was known as the Prairie Dog District of Wyoming, about ten years ago. This district was known far and wide as the battle-ground of the Territory, and generally when the sun went down on the eve of election day the ground had that dishevelled and torn-up appearance peculiar to the grave of Brigham Young the next day after his aggregated widow has held her regular annual snort recital and scalding-tear festival.

I hesitated about accepting the nomination because I knew that Vituperation would get up on its hind feet and annoy me greatly, and I had reason to believe that no pains would be spared on the part of the management of the opposition to make my existence a perfect bore. This turned out to be the case, and although I was nominated in a way that seemed to indicate perfect harmony, it was not a week before the oppos tion organ, to which I had frequently loaned print paper when it could not get its own C. O. D. paper out of the express office, said as follows in a startled and double-leaded tone of vo ce:

"HUMILIATING DISCLOSURE.

"The candidate for Assembly in this district, whose trans-Missouri name seems to be Nye, turns out to be the same man who left Penobscot County, Me., in the dark of the moon four years ago. Mr. Nye's disappearance was so mysterious that prominent Penobscotters, especially the sheriff, offered a large reward for his person. It was afterwards learned that he was kidnapped and taken across the Canadian line by a high-spirited and high-stepping horse valued at $1,300. Mr. Nye's candidacy for the high office to which he aspires has brought him into such prominence that at the mass meeting held last evening in Jimmy Avery's barber shop he was recognized at once by a Maine man while making a telling speech in favor of putting in a stone culvert at the draw above Mandal's ranche. The man from Maine, who is visiting our thriving little town with a view to locating here and establishing an agency for his world-renowned rock-alum axe-helves, says that Mr. Nye, in the hurry and rush incident to his departure for Canada, overlooked his wife and seven little ones. He also says that the candidate's boasted liberality here is different from the kind he was using while in Maine, and quotes the following incident: Two years before he went away from Penobscot County one of our present candidate's children was playing on the railroad track of the Bangor and Moosehead Lake Railroad, when suddenly there was a wild shriek of the iron horse, a timid, scared cry of the child, and the rushing train was upon it. Spectators turned away in horror. The air seemed heavy and the sun seemed to stop its shining. Slowly the long freight train, loaded with its rich freight of huckleberries, came to a halt. Then a glad cry went up from the assembly as the broad-shouldered engineer came out of the tall grass with the crowing child in his arms. Then cheer on cheer rent the air, and in the midst of it all Mr. Nye appeared. He was told of the circumstance, and, as he wrung the hand of the engineer, tears stood in his eyes. Then, reaching in his pocket, he drew forth a card, and writing his autograph on it, he gave it to the astounded engineer, telling him to use it wisely and not fritter it away. 'But are you not robbing yourself?' exclaimed the astonished and delighted engineer. 'No, oh, no,' said the munificent parent, 'I have others left.' And this is the man who asks our suffrages! Will you vote for him or for Alick Meyerdinger, the purest one-legged man that ever rapped with his honest knuckles on top of a bar and asked the boys to put a name to it?"

I was pained to read this, for I had not at that time toyed with politics much, but I went upstairs and practised an hour or two on a hollow laugh that I thought would hide the pain that seemed to tug at my heartstrings. For the most of the day I strolled about town with a lurid campaign smile that looked about as joyous as the light-hearted gambels of a tin horse.

I visited my groceryman, a man I felt that I could trust, and who had honored me in the same way. He said that I ought to be indorsed by my fellow-citizens. "What! All of them?" I exclaimed, with a choking sensation, for I tried to be indorsed by one of my fellow-citizens once and was not entirely successful. "No," said he, "but you ought to be ratified and indorsed by those who know you best and love you most."

"Well," said I, "will you attend to that?"

"Yes, of course I will. You must not give up hope. Where do you buy your meat?"

I told him the name of the butcher.

"And do you owe him about the same that you do me?"

I said I didn't think there could be $5 one way or the other.

"Well, give me a memorandum of what you can call to mind that you owe around town. I will see all these parties and we will get them together and work up a strong and hearty home indorsement for you, which will enable you to settle with all of us at par in the event of your election."

I gave him a list.

That evening a load of lumber was deposited on my lawn and a man came in to borrow a few pounds of fence nails. I asked him what he wanted to do, for I thought he was going to nail a campaign lie or something. He said he was the man who was sent up to build a kind of "trussle" in front of my house. "What for?" I asked, with eyes like a startled fawn. "Why, for the speakers to stand on," said he. "It is a kind of combination racket. Something between a home indorsement and a mass-meeting of creditors. You are to be surprised and gratified to-morrow evening as near as I can make out."

He then built a wobbly scaffold, one end of which was nailed to the bay window of the house.

The next evening my heart swelled when I heard a campaign band coming up the street trying to see how little it could play and still draw its salary. The band was followed by men with torches and speakers in carriages. A messenger was sent into the house to tell me that I was about to be waited upon by my old friends and neighbors, who desired to deliver to me their hearty indorsement and a large, willow-covered two-gallon godspeed as a mark of esteem.

The spokesman, as soon as I had stepped out on my veranda, mounted the improvised platform previously erected, and after a short and salivary solo and chorus by the band, said as follows, as nearly as I can now recall his words:

"*Mr. Nye.*"

"SIR: We have read with pain the open and venomous attacks of the foul and putrid press of our town, and come here to-night to vindicate by our presence your utter innocence *as* a man, *as* a fellow-citizen, *as* a neighbor, *as* a mother, brother or sister.

No one could look down into your open face and deep, earnest lungs and then doubt you *as* a man, *as* a fellow-citizen, *as* a neighbor, *as* a father, mother, brother or sister. You came to us a poor man and staked your all on the growth of this town. We like you because you are still poor. You cannot be too poor to suit us. It shows that you are not corrupt.

"Mr. Nye, on behalf of this vast assemblage (tremulo) I thank God that you are POOR!!"

He then drew from his pocket a little memorandum, and, holding it up to a torch, so that he could see it better, said that Mr. Limberquid would emit a few desultory remarks.

Mr. Limberquid, to whom I was at that time indebted for past favors in the meat line, or, as you may say, the tenderloin, though no fault of mine, then arose and said in words and figures as follows, to-wit:

SIR: I desire to say that we who know Mr. Nye best are here to say that he certainly has one of the most charming wives in this Territory. What do we care for the villifications of the press—a press, hired, venial, corrupt, reeking in filth and oozy with the slime of its own impaired circulation, snapping at the heels of its superiors and steeped in the reeking poison and pollution of its own shopworn and unmarketable opinions?

We do not care a cuss! (Applause.) What do we care that homely men grudge our candidate his symmetry of form and graceful upholstered carriage? What do we care that calumny crawls out of its hole, calumniates him a couple of times and then goes back? We are here to-night to show by our presence that we like Mrs. Nye very much. She is a good cook and she would certainly do honor to this district as a social leader, in case she should go to Cheyenne as the wife of our Assemblyman. I propose three cheers for her, fellow-citizens. (Applause, cheers and throbs of bassdrum.)

Mr. Sherrod then said:

FELLER-CITIZENS: We glory in the fact that Whatshisname—Nye here is pore. We like him for the poverty he has made. Our idee in runnin' of him fer the legislater, as I take it, is to not only run him along in this here kind of hand-to-mouth poverty, but to kind of give him a chance to accumulate poverty and have some saved up fer a rainy day.

I kin call to mind how he looked when he come to this Territory a pore boy and took off his coat and went right to work dealin' faro nights and earning his bread by the sweat of a sweat-board daytimes for Tom Dillon, acrost from the express office. And I say he is not a clost man. He gives his money where folks don't git on to it. He don't git out the band when he goes to do a kind act, but kind of sneaks around to people who are in need and offers to match 'em fer the cigars.

"He's a feller of generous impulses, gentlemen, or at least I so regard him, and I say here to-night that if his other vitals was as big and warm as his heart, he would live to deckerate the graves of nations yet unborn.

Several people wept here and wiped their noses on the awning. I then sent my maid around through the audience with a bucket full of Salt Lake cider and a dishpan full of doughnuts to restore good feeling. But I cannot forget how proud I was when I felt the hot tears and doughnut crumbs of my fellow-citizens raining down my back.

The band then played, "See the Conquering Hero Comes," and yielding to the pressing demands of the populi, I made a few irrelevant, but low, passionate remarks, as follows:

FELLOW-CITIZENS AND MEMBERS of THE BAND: We are not here, as I understand it, solely to tickle our palates with twisted doughnuts of our pampered and sin-cursed civil zation, but to unite and give our best pledges once more to the support of the best men. In this teacup of foaming and impervious cider from the Valley of the Jordan I drink to the success of the best men. Fellow-ciiizens and members of the band, we owe our fealty to the old party. Let us cling to the old party as long as there is any juice in it and vote for its candidates. Let us give our suffrages to men of advanced thought who are loyal to their party, but poor. Gentlemen, I am what would be called a poor, but brainy man. When I am not otherwise engaged, you always find me engaged in thought. I love the excitement of following up an idea and tracing it up a tree. It is great pleasure for me to follow the red-hot trail of a thought or the intellectual spoor of an idea. But I do not allow this habit to interfere with politics. Politics and thought are radically different. Why should man think himself weak on these political matters when there are men who have made it their business and life study to do the thinking for the masses?

This is my platform. I believe that a candidate should be poor, that he should be a thinker on other matters, but leave political matters and nominations to professional political ganglia and moulders of primaries who have given their lives and the inner coating of their stomachs to the advancement of political methods by which the old, cumbersome and dangerous custom of defending our institutions with drawn swoards may be superseded by the modern and more attractive method of doing so with overdrawn salaries.

Fellow-citizens and members of the band, in closing let me say that you have seen me placed in the trying position of postmaster for the past year. For that length of time I have stood between you and the Government at Washington. I have assisted in upholding the strong arm of the Government, and yet I have not allowed it to crush you. No man here to-night can say that I have ever, by word or deed, revealed outside the office the contents of a postal card addressed to a member of my own party or held back or obstructed the progress of new and startling seeds sent by the representative from the Agricultural Department. I am in favor of a full and free interchange of interstate red-eyed and pale beans, and I favor the early advancement and earnest recognition of the highly offensive partisan. I thank you, neighbors and band, (husky and pianissimo), for this gratifying little demonstration. Words seem empty and unavailing at this time. Will you not accept the hospitality of my home? Neighbors, you are welcome to these halls. Come in and look at the family album.

The meeting then became informal, and the chairman asked me as he came down from his perch how I would be fixed by the first of the month. I told him that I could not say, but hoped that money matters would show less apathy by that time.

I have already taken up too much space, however, in this simple recital, and I have only room to say that I was not elected, and that of the seventy-five who came up to indorse me and then go home exhilarated by my cheering doughnuts, forty voted for the other man, thereby electing him by a plurality of everybody. Home indorsement, hard-boiled eggs and hot tears of reconciliation can never fool me again. They are as empty as the bass-drum by which they are invariably accompanied. A few years ago a majority of the voters of a newly-fledged city in Wisconsin signed a petition asking a gentleman named Bradshaw to run for the office of Mayor. He said he did not want it, but if a majority had signified in writing that they needed him every hour he would allow his name to be used. They then turned in and defeated him by a handsome majority, thus showing that the average patriotism of the present day has a string to it.

Who was the first to make the claim
That I would surely win the game,
But now that Dennis is my name?
The Patriot.

Who stated that my chance was best,
And came and wept upon my breast,
Only to knock me galley West?
The Patriot.

Who told me of the joy he felt,
While he upon my merits dwelt?
Who then turned in and took my pelt?
The Patriot.

—*Bill Nye, in New York World.*

Politeness.

A brave, active, intelligent, terrier, belonging to a lady friend, one day discovered a monkey belonging to an itinerant organ-grinder seated upon a bank within the grounds, and at once made a dash for him. The monkey, who was attired in jacket and hat, awaited the onset in such undisturbed tranquility that the dog halted within a few feet of him to reconnoiter.

Both animals took a long, steady stare at each other, but the dog evidently was recovering from his surprise, and was about to make a spring for the intruder. At this critical juncture the monkey, who had remained perfectly quiet hitherto, raised his paw and gracefully saluted by lifting his hat.

The effect was magical. The dog's head and tail dropped, and he sneaked off to the house, refusing to leave it until his polite but mysterious guest had departed.—*Irish Times.*

Changes in Old Rome.

President Smart, of Purdue university:

"All who hope to see Rome with all its glories had better go to Italy very soon. There will soon remain no vestige of the ancient city. Nine years ago I saw the Latium capital, and while in Europe this summer I again went to Rome. The change is amazing. When I first saw it the population was 130,000; now it is a vast city of 500,000 souls. I have never seen such growth and such vast enterprises as are on foot there. Armies of men are at work on the streets and in building. Parisian flats have come into vogue, and the tall walls of modern buildings are obscuring the architectual classics. The Coliseum once stood in a field almost in the country. Now it is hemmed in by a wall and surrounded by new buildings. Some of the finest old churches are almost covered up by high tenement houses. The modern Italian cares little for the fading glories of old Rome. He has ruthlessly divided up the very Seven Hills, as it were, into corner lots."—*Indianapolis News.*

Stabbing A New Yorker.

Arlo Bates writes to the Providence *Journal* about a New York manufacturer. He says:

This gentleman came to Boston to introduce a new line of goods which he was anxious to have come into use here, and said to a Boston acquaintance that if he could help him in obtaining any orders he should receive a commission of 5 per cent. and be doing a favor as well. The Bostonian interested himself in the matter, and finding a chance for the placing of the goods, took the New Yorker to a well-known business house where he was well acquainted, introduced him and spoke well of his goods. The result was that the firm visited gave him a small trial order, promising, should the goods prove satisfactory, to follow this with a substantial purchase.

The manufacturer was delighted to have opened negotiations with this firm, and expressed his gratitude volubly, He made no further allusion to the commission, but the Bostonian supposed this to be because he was waiting until the full order came in. Nearly a year passed, however, and, although the Bostonian learned that the house to which he had given an introduction was purchasing the books largely, he had no further communication from New York. At length he took the initiative by writing to inquire where his commission of 5 per cent. was. The answer received inclosed a check for commission on the trial purchase of samples, the amount being $1.18.

"And do you suppose," the Boston man said, telling the story, "that I drew the check? Oh, no; I keep it carefully, and every month there is a discrepancy of $1.18 between his check book and his bank account, and it reminds him of the mean thing he has done. I stab him every month; don't you see?"

Overheard at the card-room at the club, where four grave and silent gentleman are seated at whist. Enter Dumley. Dumley—Aha, gentlemen, whist? Grigson (looking up, rather wearily)—No, Dumley; we are playing four-handed solitaire! — *Boston Transcript.*

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Ben's Foreign Service.

Up at the hall there was a general commotion. Mr. Westly, the owner of Westley Grange, had come pretty nearly to the end of his tether. He had but lately succeeded to the estate, and it had come to him very heavily encumbered; and now, with reduced rents, irregularly paid, he found it impossible to go on. He had, therefore, determined to spend a couple of years on the continent, during which time he hoped that the agricultural depressions would pass away.

The establishment at the hall was not a large one by any means for a country bachelor squire, but it was larger than he could afford to keep up under existing circumstances. So one evening he called his servants together and told them how matters were with him, bidding them seek other institutions at once.

His personal servant, Ben Higgins, was not included in the general dismissal, but was destined to accompany his master abroad. Ben was one of those men not unfrequently met with in the country—a man who could turn his hand to most things, though he might not be good at any. The position he held at Westley Grange was a cross between a valet and gamekeeper, but at odd times he had been known to cook his master's dinner and make his masters's bed. Th s was during a grousing expedition to the Welsh hills, but the rumor of it had travelled to Westley. Ben was in high spirits when he was told of the journey in store for him.

"I'll teach these foreigners a thing or two," he said to the cook one night; to which she replied: "You be very careful, Mr. Ben, that they don't teach you more than you teach them."

"Them!" he cried; "them teach me? Why I could wallop the lot of 'em, if I wanted to."

"Then you mind you don't want to," she answered.

"Why, you know very well," continued Ben, "that I set your watch agoing after James, the watchmaker, had had it a month, and couldn't make nothing of it; and I stopped the blue bed room chimbly smoking, when the smoke had nearly druv you all out of the place."

"Rubbish," she said. "The watch winding, and as for the chimbly, it smoked because there was a bag of straw in it. You needn't crow over them things young man."

Yes, there was a little ill feeling on the past of the cook toward Ben. She had claimed him for her own originally, but Ben had fought shy; and latterly he had been paying a good deal of attention to Anna, the housemaid at the rectory. Either fault alone, on Ben's part' would have made the cook somewhat aggrived toward him, but the two combined was more than culinary flesh and blood could stand. Thus it happened that her tongue had an access of acerbity when moving at Ben.

Down at the rectory the commotion was nearly as general. The servants discussed the situation from morning till night, and Anna received many unpleasant jeers.

"Stick to you!" said the coachman, "not he. Them sort never sticks to nothing but their bacey. When you says goodby to Ben, you says goodby for ever, my lass."

"He can please himself," she said; "but if he thinks I shall die broken hearted because he takes on with some foreign girl, he's very much mistook."

"That's always the way with you women folk. You talk as big as big, and when it comes to, you doubles up to nothing."

"But Ben and me's different," said Anna. "If he's not in earnest, no more aren't I.' Which was, perhaps, consolatory.

The time slipped rapidly by, and it wanted but a day till Ben and his master should start for the continent. That night Ben repaired to the rectory, and had a parting interview with Anna. His last words were: "You'll not forget me, Anna, when I am parted from you? I'm a-coming back for you some day. Till then, ho river!"

"Till what?"

"That's a bit of French, my dear. I've bin learning the langwidge lately. It's something like 'goodby,' only more so. Ho river!" And so they parted.

In the course of a few weeks Ben and his master were comfortably settled in a small German village near Bonn. The house where they had made their home was an old farmhouse that had once belonged to a noble family, but was now partly fallen to decay. It was inhabited by the present owner, who carried on the business of a small farmer and wine grower. He had neither wife nor child, the domestic functions being superintended, and in a great measure performed, by a sister. Naturally, therefore, it came about that Ben and Fraulein Schmidt were often in each other's company, and, naturally, also, Ben improved the occasion.

And the Fraulein herself grew really to like the big boastful Englishman, and did her best to make both her lodgers contented with their temporary home. This was about the position of affairs when, some 18 months after they had left England, Mr. Westley told Ben he should soon be returning. This was a sad blow to Ben. No more poached eggs on hot buttered toast, no more tempting Rhine wine, no more idle days. He told the Fraulein what the Herr had said, and she, too, grieved. No more stories about London; no more leaves from the stately genealogical tree; no more pleasant evenings.

"And you must go?" she asked. "And I shall never you no more see?"

This set him to thinking. Why should he go back? And the thinking ended in rosolution—he would not go back. It came out in words the first opportunity: **"I do not mean to go back to England, Fraulein, but shall settle down in Germany, If I can get any work."**

"There is plenty of work on the farm," said the Fraulein.

This did not altogether chime in with Ben's view of life. Work was a thing to be endured, not courted. Plenty to eat and to drink, and nothing to do, was Ben's domestic creed. Still he could work, and not work very hard, and if he married Fraulein the farm would be as good as his at once, and absolutely his some day. He might do worse; he feared he could not do better.

"I've had some news from home, Ben, that ought to please you. Your old sweetheart at the rectory has had a couple of thousand pounds left her by her uncle, the miller."

"Two thousand pounds!" Why, that's a fortune. Things is becoming extremely complicated. I think I shall go back with the master.

That night a letter was d spatched to England, bearing on the envelope the name of Miss Anna Robinson, at the rectory, Westly, Shropshire. This was the letter:

"My deerest Anner—I ope this will fine, you in good elth as it leaves me at present. My deerest Anner, it is a long time sense, I rote to yew, but their have been so much to do as I have, no time. I hop this will fine you, in good helth, deerest Anner. This a very quite place, their is no sports or nothink. I orphan sy, for deer old Englan an the swete faces, spechially one, I left behind. I ope to see, it soon, so know more at present from your trew lover. BEN."

What the Fraulein thought of it when she heard that Ben had changed his mind I hardly know, but he made some plausible excuse, I have no doubt, and promised (to soothe her wounded feelings) that he would soon return.

Once more at Westley! The first evening after his arrival Ben went down to the rectory. Anna was out—but the coachman was in!

"Yo' back again, my lad! Yo're just like a bobby, a-turning up when you are not wanted."

That was the coachman's welcome, and Ben resented it.

"Perhaps, if you don't want me, there's some one else as does."

"Then perhaps there's two on 'em for I see two on 'em together not five minutes ago."

"Hey!" exclaimed Ben.

"As much hay as yo' like, my lad. We gies it to the osses and can spare a bit for a donkey.

Clearly, there was no friendly feeling on the part of the coachman for Ben.

Then the cook tackled him. "You've made a fine mess of it, Ben. Have you heard what she's left her?"

"Left her!" exclaimed the humbug.

"Yes, left her—£2000; and she's going for it on Monday. It'll make them very comfortable."

"Her and her mother," suggested Ben.

"Ho, ho, ho, ho!" roared the coachman.

"Hi, hi, hi, hi!" laughed the cook.

"Hee, hee, hee, hee?" sang the kitchen maid—all in chorus.

"Her and her mother!" and then they went off again.

"It's very funny," said the victim, "but I don't see where the fun comes in."

"Don't 'e now? Then I'll tell yer. Yo're come back to make it up wi' her because yo' an heard as her's got some money. But it bespoke already for—her and her mother."

Coachman, cook and kitchen maid repeat chorus.

"I'll not take it," said Ben, "from no one's lips but hers. Her said her'd stick to me, and I've stuck to her, and I expect her'll stick to me, and that's all about it."

"Then you can take it from her lips now, Mr. Benjamin," said Anna, coming in at the moment. "You never wrote to me for more than 12 months, though I wrote to you twice, and then, when I had some money left me, you sent me a letter pretending as how you was very fond of me. Afore you went away I said to the coachman: "If he's not in earnest, then I'm not in earnest,' and that's all about it."

"Never mind," said Bent to himself that night, "If one door shuts another door opens."

Yes, the door was open when Ben got there, some six weeks after he had left. He entered the house with the air of a master, pausing a moment to look round on the vineyards which would soon be his. He opened an inner door; there sat Fraulein, busy with her needle.

"I am back again," said he; "give me a welcome."

"Then you can go back again," she replied.

"But I am come to stay and work on the farm."

"The farm does not want you, neither do I," she answered.

Then Benjamin waxed furious. He called her fickle and unkind, told her that no good could come to a double dealing person, and left her with the somewhat double edged remark that "a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush."

I think I ought to explain the Fraulein's behavior. The old cook at Westley wrote to her to warn her against "that presumin' villun."—*Cassell's Magazine.*

What He Threw Away.

An Albany gentleman some years ago did business for parties in Chicago. They failed and all they offered in payment of their account was a piece of wild land in South Chicago. The account was about $500 and the deed of the land was accepted. Investigation disclosed that the land was in a swamp and apparently of no present or prospective value. After paying taxes on it for several years the Albany holder finally abandoned it and it was doubtless sold for non-payment of taxes. Not long ago while visiting Chicago the gentleman looked up the property and to his amazement and disgust discovered that it was in the most valuable part of South Chicago and that had he retained it he would have been worth at least $250,000.—*Albany Journal.*

THE DELUSIVE TRADE DOLLARS.

Making Them Into Bricks at the Assay Office—Treasures of the Vaults.

On a recent Friday afternoon, says *The New York Tribune*, the last "melt" of the 3,495,533 trade dollars which have been received at the United States assay office in Wall street since the act of congress authorizing their purchase went into effect was completed, and the limpid silver was poured into the moulds and transformed into silver bricks, 1,100 to 1,200 ounces in weight. A "melt" of silver at the assay office means five thousand ounces. Therefore, in order to make way with the whole number of the 3,500,000 trade dollars about seven "melts" were necessary. A reporter chanced to be present and stood near the crucible when these last representatives of a dead currency slowly lost their individuality and became a shapeless, glittering mass. Their career was not of honor.

What is denominated an "inclosure" in one of the vaults of the assay office contains over four hundred cubic feet of trade dollars which have passed the crucible and are now stacked up in the shape of silver bricks. The government has paid about $3,400,000 for them, but they are useless, Supt. Andrew Mason says, and usless made into standard dollars, a loss of about 25 per cent. would be sustained in disposing of the metal to manufacturers and artisans. The furnishing of gold and silver bars for manufacturing purposes is, Supt. Mason says, a growing business at the assay office. During the past year these bars, to the value of $10,000,000 have been sold for use in arts and manufactures, an increase of $2,000,000 over any previous year.

When the last "melt" of the trade-dollars had been poured into the molds and made into brick, the reporter observed that two small quantities, perhaps of a grain or two each, were put into little receptacles and sent to the assaying-room. "These," explained Assistant Assayer J. T. Wilder, "are the samples for assaying. Two are taken from each melt." They are each assayed by different persons, and their work must tally. If it does not, the work is repeated. If the two assays fail to agree the whole melt is remelted and fresh samples taken. Then the process is gone through with again.

"The greatest care is taken," said Mr. Wilder, "to gaurd against inaccuracies. The assaying is done by the Gay Lussac method. The exact amount of metal is weighed and dissolved in nitric acid. Then enough chlorine is added to precipitate precisely a drachm of pure silver. The solution is then shaken for three minutes in a shaking-machine (run by steam), after which it is allowed to settle. More salt water is added, every atom of which is taken account of, and if any silver remains in solution it shows a slight cloudiness. The operation is repeated until no cloudiness appears, showing that no silver remains in solution; that it has all been precipitated. Then a calculation is made as to the exact fineness of the samples of silver in the trade dollar, which is corrected by silver proofs. When the fineness is thoroughly ascertained it is stamped upon the bar or brick which has been formed by the melted dollars, together with the value, weight, melt number, and the number of the bar. Then the bar or brick is sent to the 'inclosure before mentioned, where the other 'trade-dollar' bricks are kept under a combination safe lock. The combination of this, as well as of the other safe locks in the building, is known only to Supt. Mason and one other trusted official."

The antiquated building used as the assay office was formerly the sub-treasury. It has been occupied for its present purposes since the year 1854, and the work and business done there have long since outgrown it. The old tenement shakes perceptibly when a heavily loaded truck passes in the street in front of it, interfering with the ascertaining of weights upon the delicate little scales used by Assistant Assayer Wilder, upon which he is able to discover the specific gravity of an object almost infinitesimal—an eye-winker, for instance. He often calculates for visiting statesmen the exact weight of their signatures, minus the gravity of the paper upon which they are written. The sum, Mr. Wilker remarked often represented the weight of the respective statesmen's political influence after they had been registered among the "has been." The reporter's visit to the gold-rooms revealed many things curious and interesting. Here were bags of scrap gold of all grades sent in by jewelers and workers in gold and silver, waiting to have the fineness of their contents tested in furnaces heated up to over 1,000 degrees. Gold of all the civilized countries was here, sent from London, Paris, Vienna, Antwerp, and other European cities. Much of it was said to come from Holland and Germany. The Bank of Amsterdam is a large consignor. One deep pan, ready for the crucible, contained 500 English soverigns, most of them bright and new. In another were about 175 Spanish doubloons, while in a third were French and Belgian 20-franc pieces, and in a fourth were the 20-mark coins of Germany. Domestic gold comes in bars, grains, and lumps, and in jewelry and the like.

After this gold has been melted, refined, and assayed it is molded into bars or bricks of various sizes, of value running from $110 to $10,000, and properly stamped. Bars worth $500 to $700, or less, are called at the assay office "chicken feed." The stamping upon the sides of one of them just come, gave the melt number 145; bar number, 12,561; the weight, 20.78 ounces; the value, $428.49; while on the top, as a verification, was the assay office stamp, with the eagle (or "goose," as it is called there) and the fineness, fine 997½. This "chicken feed" varies in weight from about five up to thirty-five ounces. The larger sizes run from twelve to forty pounds in weight. Many of them are stamped $10,000 and upward in value. Boxes of newly stamped bricks containing $50,000 to $100,000 each stood on cars ready to be trundled to the vaults. On one car was over $1,500,000. With the stamp of the assay office upon them, these bars or bricks are worth in commerce the exact value at which they are stamped, and where gold must be used are preferred in heavy transactions to any other form of currency. The vaults of the assay office contain in this form of gold alone, molded there, over $88,000,000. Over $28,000,000 of this has been received there during the past three months. Such a large amount of treasure deserves better accommodations.

Among the other curiosities of the gold-room are the two alleged bars of gold which old Capt. Richardson some months ago got from a couple of supposed Californians for $4,000. They proved to be pure copper without even a veneering of gold. If the old captain had been as well acquainted with the precious metals as he professed to be he would have discovered the deceit by the color, while by "hefting" them attentively he would have found them not half as heavy as they should be; the specific gravity of copper being but 8.93, while that of gold is 19.3. Capt. Richardson never came back after his "gold bars."

While the reporter was at the assay office the interesting process of separating gold and silver which had been melted together was under way. The "melt" was first granulated by being cast into water. Then the silver is dissolved out by being put into sulphuric acid and boiled in huge iron kettles. It is often necessary to repeat the boiling five or ten times before a satisfactory result is reached. In this operation the gold is not dissolved, but the silver dissolves, leaving the gold. The manner in which gold and silver are seperated from base metals, called "cupellation," was also in progress. Just a drachm of weight of the metal with a small particle of lead is placed in a "cupel," which is a little circular receptacle made of bone, the shape of an ordinary wooden "checker," but a very little larger, and scooped out so as to contain the metal to be cuppelled. The cuppels, thirty or forty at a time, are placed in a furnace heated by gas up to fifteen hundred degrees. The action of the heat and air then oxidizes, as it is called the baser metals and they are absorbed by the porus cuppel and adhere to the bone, while the gold and silver remains.

Many of the officers and employes of the assay office are old men, and gray locks and silvery beards are in the majority. Some have been there forty years. Supt. Mason has passed through seven national administrations, and is now serving in his eighth. He entered the employ of the government as a melter and refiner, afterward became an assistant assayer, from which position he was promoted to the superintendency. Assayer Herbert G. Torrey has also long been an officer, and an efficient one. Supt. Mason was asked yesterday how his subordinates, who are constantly handling such large quantities of precious metals, were responsible to him. "Solely by their honesty," was Mr. Mason's reply. "The superintendent of the vaults is responsible for his men. But for all the rest I have given bonds, and all I have to rely upon is my belief that they are men of thorough integrity.

Recovering From His Fast.

E. P. Jenkins, of Philadelphia, the 50-years-old Englishman who says he is the prophet Elias, and who starved himself for forty days and forty nights, is rapidly recovering from his fast. After his starvation of six weeks he took his first food at twenty-nine minutes past high noon on Friday last. He was busy that afternoon transcribing yards of ink-written manuscript, which he said was a message received by him from God in 1875. There was a returning glow in his broad, good-natured face, as he spoke of his long fast. The last meal he took was on the 18th of September. His refusal to eat was due, he said, to a divine obligation. He wanted it understood that he was not a rival or the starvation laurels of Dr. Tanner. When he began the fast he weighed 202 pounds. In five days he lost eight pounds. When the fast was broken on Friday his weight was 152 pounds, he having lost in the forty days exactly 50 pounds. But his appetite immediately came back, and on Friday he put away a couple of quarts of fresh milk and a few loaves of home-made bread. On Saturday he had four meals, and gathered in oysters, beef tea, and his old favorite, mutton chops. On Sunday he added pork chops to his menu. On Monday he had ten extra pounds of flesh on his generous frame. Water was the only thing that touched his lips in the six weeks, but he is making up for that by eating four meals every day and adding to his list of dishes. A fast of forty days is a sure cure for indigestion.

Mr. Jenkins has now such a firm faith in his gastronomic capabilities that he can tackle anything from dry toast to a spring chicken or apple dumplings. Mr. Jenkins, or the prophet Elias, says he will soon begin his public mission. He will be dumb, but he says his mission will be a lively one.

He'd Always Have One.

Husband—My dear, I'm thinking strongly of joining the Elks.

Wife—Why don't you?

"Would you object?"

"No, indeed: I really wish you would."

"Why are you so anxious?"

"Because if you were an Elk, when we go to the theatre you wouldn't have to go out between the acts to get a horn."—*St. Paul Globe.*

Only a single pit is found in a peach, but seeds always go in pears.

THE RED RACE.

Visit with a Pioneer Dakotan and His Indian Wife—A Woman of Education.

Says a letter to *The Minneapolis Journal*: The day and night I passed with Mr. Van Meter, who resides on the Sioux reservation. He is married to an Indian woman of more than ordinary intelligence, while he himself is one of the oldest settlers in Dakota, and well posted on the Indian question. Van was at one time the owner of the entire town site where Vermillion now stands. He came to Dakota when the population did not number five hundred whites and the Sioux held full and complete sway. His wife was educated at one of the missions, and for several years taught the young Indian how to shoot—not the bow and arrow, nor the Winchester, but in educational matters.

He has raised three daughters and three sons, and I must say his family is the only one I have thus far met with that follows the ways and manners of the whites. The kitchen was the pink of perfection in regard to neatness and cleanliness, and the general surroundings gave the log hut the appearance of a white pioneer's home.

We would talk over the Dawes bill and the Indian question. I saw before the conversation had progressed very far that not only Mr. Van Meter but his wife were thoroughly conversant with the features of the Dawes bill as first framed and presented to congress, they favored its passage. "I tell you the only practical and effectual way of improving the intellectual condition of the Indians is to bring them into closer contact with the whites," spoke up Mrs. Van Meter, who was writing a letter to her son a student in a Philadelphia college. "I have observed," she continued, "one very important thing amongst my people that has always left a very strong impression on my mind, and made me, an earnest advocate of any measure that forces the Indian to come into closer relations with the whites. The Indians are apt imitators, and if the Dawes bill should pass, and they are required to take land in severalty, they would be continually mixed with the white settlers, and I venture to predict that inside of five years 75 per cent. would have discarded the blanket and donned the habiliments of the Americans. Our girls would also dress in the civilized mode, and each generation would improve. My conclusions are drawn from practical observations. Why, look at Chief Hump. Who would have dared to ask this warrior of Sitting Bull's band five years ago to part with his long locks, throw aside the blanket and breech cloth, and do away with the war-paint and war dance? Look at him now! hair cut short, a navy-blue suit, slouch hat, shirt, and the only thing that remains of his former costume are the moccasins. What has caused this? Why his trip to Washington, and being brought into constant contact with the white employes at the agency. Th s and nothing else.

"My wife," said Van, "has recieved a letter from one of my sons, who has just returned from England. We have two boys attending college in Philadelphia, and when the queen's jubilee took place they asked our permission to visit that country. The college authorities wished to send a class of educated Indian boys to the celebration for the purpose of advertising the institution, and selected our sons. The trip afforded them an excellent opportunity to witness the affair. My youngest son relates his experience from the day of leaving Philadelphia up to the date of his return.

At this juncture Mrs. Van Meter handed your roving correspondent the the letter for inspection, and it was an excellent specimen of penmanship, and spoke well for a boy of 15 years, who only six years ago roamed over the boundless prairie.

"It is one of the most difficult matters to secure the consent of parents to allow their children to be sent away to school. An Indian has an idea," said Mrs. Van Meter, "that the eastern country is unhealthy—their children will become sick and die. It is even very hard to induce them to send the children to the agency school, and it took a great deal of urging even on my part to make up a class. My two boys were first sent to the school at Carlisle, Pa., but they did not like the institution. They complained of the poor victuals and other items, and one actually ran away and came home. The Philadelphia school they speak well of, and, from the reports, are making excellent progress."

"Do you think the educated Indians and half-breeds will work for the Dawes bill or any other measure to open up this vast domain?" "If they have the interest and future prosperity of their people at heart they can not do otherwise. The longer the reservation is closed the longer it will take to advance them to the standard which contact with your people is bound to bring about. I heard a few educated half-breeds speak against opening the reserve, but only from a mercenary object. I think with such a man as Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, as one of the commissioners to secure the names, over two-thirds of the Indian adults would sign the treaty. The Indians have the greatest faith in this man and consider him a second Father De Smet. I know my sons who will graduate next fall would work hard to bring about this result, and I can not see how the bill can be defeated if honest commissioners of Bishop Whipple's stamp are selected."

Showed Signs of Age.

Young Mr. Sissy—Just got back from Europe, Jack. Gone two months; had a boss time.

Jack—You show signs of age, Sissy.

Sissy—Age?

Jack—Yes, steerage.—*New York Sun.*

What Is It?

The farmer residents south of Vincennes are greatly excited over a strange wild animal that has frequently been seen in the swampy region in that vicinity, and it is thought to be a panther. *The Vincennes Commercial*, speaking of the terror the animal has created, says that it roams about the swamps between the Evansville and Terre Haute railway and the Evansville wagon road, and at times ventures out in the fields and into the highways. It has been seen frequently by parties of well-known veracity and whose judgment does not mislead them, so that there remains no doubt of the fact that the animal has taken up its abode within two and one-half miles of the city. It makes frequent devastating raids upon the farmers' pigs, lambs, geese, and etc. It utters a peculiar, loud and terrifying scream, which so closely resembles the scream of an affrighted woman, or some one in distress, that it has frequently led persons to hasten into the midst of the jungle in the swamps thinking that some awful murder was being committed. On reaching the spot from which the scream came, it seemed to be moving farther into the dense underbrush of the swamp. Hours have been spent in a futile attempt to rescue the supposed victim of a terrible crime. Sometimes the rescuing party have rushed unexpectedly upon the ferocious-looking animal, which would change its scream to a deep gutteral growl or a piercing howl. It is needless to say that in every instance the rescuers have beat as hasty a retreat as the brier-grown brambles would allow. In no case has the animal ever attacked anyone, but at once boldly assumes the defensive when approached. It offers savage resistance when molested, but quietly retires to its lair when the attack has been withdrawn. Hunters have endeavored to induce their dogs to follow the animal's trail, but only in a few instances could they be induced to give chase. A few times the dogs have attacked the beast, but have been knocked back and returned, whining to their masters, completely whipped. A large crowd of young farmers are making up a hunting party, and expect to make a thorough search, with dogs and guns, through the woods which it is known to frequent, in hopes of killing the animal, which has become a terror to children and an annoyance to the farmers.

Humor in Literature.

The most nearly immortal character of literature is *Falstaff*, and *Falstaff* is a humorous character. The most long-lived of all writing is humorous writing. Great libraries are filled with the dead bodies of many books that were once famous—books that were written by statesmen and powerful bishops. They lie, only disturbed by the curious, untouched by any "Old Mortality," who write names anew on the scroll of human thought. "What little old volume is that over which that gray-haired sage is laughing?" It is a humorous story written hundreds of years ago.

What is it that keeps the "Vicar of Wakefield" so fresh? Not its quiet, pastoral atmosphere, nor its plot, nor its description, but its humor. Why do we stroll with bombastic old *Micawber?* Not because he is unfortunate, but because he makes his misfortunes humorous. Humor is the most natural of all literary qualities. In l fe fifty smiles ring out while one tear is falling. Monday we smile at our tears of Saturday. The greatest of all philosophy—resignation, is itself a quiet smile.

The American newspaper is the best in the world, not because it contains accounts of more murders and disasters than any other journal, but because it brings more good cheer into the family. I do not say this in defense of the American humorist, but as a statement of fact. The newspaper humorist—and where is the journalist who has not tried his paw in this d rection?—perhaps needs defense. He writes a great deal of that which is politely known as "rot," but so do all writers. The humorist's efforts may not please the "gentleman" who sips his coffee at morning with tremulous blubber,—who the night before told old jokes over new wh sky,—but they may create a laugh at the farmer's breakfast table.

Addison thought that nearly all writers had at some time aspired to be humorists, and I do not know but that such an aspiration is just as praiseworthy as the aspiration which nearly every writer has—that of trying to please.

Humor should be just as refined as pathos. The newspaper that prints an obscene joke should not be admitted into a respectable family. It is better to be dull than vulgar. Premeditated humor, like premeditated poetry, is generally of poor quality. Incidental pleasantry, having the average of unexpectedness, breathes the most enjoyable humor. It is of course impossible to "grind out" so many yards of humor per week; and the wonder is that our comic publications are no worse than they are.—*Opie P. Read, in The Journalist.*

One of the Pleasures of Rural Life.

We have heard of people riding on oxen, cows, donkeys, bulls, and riding on rails, but the scene which a couple saw while out riding a few miles west of this village last Sunday afternoon takes them all down. They had just passed a house in a rear lot, adjoining which was a hog lot, in which were some large hogs. In the lot among the hogs was a young miss of good size, who was amusing herself on Sunday afternoon riding the hogs around the lot. She would very frequently tumble off, but, picking herself up, would run and mount again, and dig her heels into the animal's ribs to make it run. She evidently enjoyed the fun.—*Montgomery Standard.*

AMONG THE SWEETS.

How Sugar Is Handled on the Spacious Levee at New Orleans.

Now that the busy season is opening, the levee will soon become the scene of bustle and activity, says *The New Orleans Times-Democrat.* The whistle of steamboats, the yelling of boss stevedores, the whooping of drivers as they back up to load and unload freight, cracking their whips about the ears of the mules or raising welts along their sides with the lash, the jam of carts, wagons, and floats, always heralds the approach of winter on the levee and the resuscitation of trade. From the middle of October until the balmy breezes of spring are about softening into the airs of summer the work on the levee is almost continuous.

The principal commodities handled are the staple products of the state—cotton, sugar, and molasses.

A hogshead of sugar is a huge arrangement of staves, hoops, and heads, weighing, when filled with sugar, from eleven hundred to fifteen hundred pounds. The cooper-shop and the plantation together produce the hogshead of sugar. When the cane has been cut and pressed, and the juice boiled into sugar, the sweet stuff is packed into the hogshead, put on board a steamboat, and shipped to this city, consigned to the factor representing the planter. On arriving at the landing the sugar is unloaded on the warf, where it is allowed to remain for twenty-four hours, and even longer when room is plentiful. Then, if not hauled away, it is rolled into the sugar-sheds at the expense of the owner.

Open-kettle sugar is sold to the dealer on the levee. The factor is the seller, whether he employs a broker or not. The majority of factors have the services of a broker to attend to the sales on the landing. The first-hand factor or broker only sells in lots, and the bids are either made openly, as the buyers gather around the hogsheads, or the sugar is sold on private offers if the price proffered is the highest.

The party selling the sugar generally does the sampling, either in person or through a clerk or other employe. This is done by means of a long steel instrument known as the gimlet, which is run through the bunghole down into the sugar, twisted about, and drawn out full of the saccharine matter. This operation is performed several times, until a sufficient quantity is obtained to clearly show the quality of the article. These samples are p led up for the time on the hogshead they are taken out of for the critical examination of the buyer. After they have answered the purpose they are put into little paper bags and kept by the broker or dealer as a type for reference, or sent to the consignee.

It is while the sampling process is going on that the buyers gather round, each in his turn making his offer. The buyer generally attends the sales to personally inspect his purchase, but sometimes sends for samples, and then, on receipt of his goods, compares them with the samples furnished him.

Although the first-hand broker sells but round lots, in case of damage of any portion of a lot of it showing up as an inferior grade, he takes a reduced price for it; still the buyer must take the entire lot. Second-hand brokers sell in any way, by the whole or broken lots.

Clarified sugar is sold by sample in sugar-exchange. The supplies are collected and taken to the exchange, where they are spread out on the tables for the inspection of buyers.

After the sugar is sold it is weighed and gauged and s then ready for shipment after the first cooperage. It is swung from the scales by means of large hooks that catch on the chimes of the hogshead so that when the beam is pulled down the hogshead is lifted from the ground and the weight ascertained. Four men usually constitute the weighing gang, together with the clerk taking the records of the weights. These hogsheads as a general thing run from 1,100 to 1,500 pounds, but in weighing open-kettle sugar the figures give the 5 and 10 pounds. Thus, if a hogshead weighs 1,214 pounds it goes down as 1,210 pounds. Then 12 per cent is knocked off from the gross weight. In clarified sugar the actual weight goes.

When the hogsheads have been coopered the boss drayman or his clerk, with his teams, appears on the scene. The sugar is marked, rolled on the floats, and hauled to its destination in the city or to the point of shipment, in case it is being forwarded to some other port, domestic or foreign. The low float is driven up close to the lots to be handled, a skid is hooked into the iron brackets at the side of the float, and the teamsters strain themselves in rolling up the great hogsheads on to the bottom of the wagon. After this handling the sugar soon comes into use on the table or in the pantry.

Molasses is disposed of in the same way as sugar. The brokers always come down to the levee to see the samples of molasses, as they are not taken to the exchange. Immediately on their arrival the barrels of molasses are coopered by the first-hand cooper, so as to keep them tight and prevent leakage.

Regarding Cheese.

Countryman (to bride, in restaurant)—How do you like the cheese, Mirandy?

Bride (trying to eat Schweitzerkase)—I don't like it at all, John. In the furst place it don't smell right, an' the second place it's all full o' knotholes.—*The Epoch.*

And it Served Him Right.

A lady whose husband had a severe cold recommended flaxseed lemonade.

"Huh," he said irascibly, "a man can't have a cold without everybody suggesting some fool remedy. I'll send for a doctor."

So the doctor came, charged the sick man $2 for his visit, and advised flaxseed lemonade.—*New York Sun.*

The Ypsilantian.

THURSDAY, DEC. 1, 1887.

THE Sentinel does no credit to its intelligence when it argues that because New York gives a democratic majority on the state ticket and at the same time elects a republican majority in the Legislature, therefore the districts have been jerrymandered. How can the Sentinel be ignorant of the fact that the great democrat vote of the state of New York is massed below High Bridge, and that without the enormous majorities in the cities of New York and Brooklyn the dmocrats could have no hope of carrying the state. The balance of the state is so strongly republican that it has even overcome seventy thousand democrat majority in those cities, and therefore of course elects a republican Legislature, without any need of jerrymander. New York and Brooklyn elect 36 Assemblymen, and the balance of the state 98. The Sentinel is "off."

REPORTS from Ireland almost surpass belief. The brutality of the police, who not only indulge indiscriminate clubbing of men, but crack the heads of women and children, wherever they encounter them in their ferocious onslaughts upon the proclaimed meetings, must make the cheeks of many an English conservative tingle with shame. In Tullamore jail, Mr. Mandeville is confined in a cell for taking part in one of the meetings. He refused to put on the felon's garb that was provided, and slept in his clothes to prevent their being stolen as editor O'Brien's were. In his sleep he was seized in his cell and forcibly stripped of everything he wore, not even his shirt being left. In a state of absolute nudity he declared that he would die before he would put on the felon suit; and there he remains, wrapping himself as best he can in the poor blanket of his prison bed, and shivering in the cold. His term of imprisonment does not expire until Christmas, but under such circumstances he is likely to be released by death, before that date. No law, it is declared, gives the jail officials authority for such proceeding. Surely the gods wish to destroy the present British ministry.

THERE has been erected in the cemetery at Hackettstown, N J. and unveiled on Thanksgiving Day, a monument to the memory of Tillie Smith, the domestic in the Centennary Collegiate Institute who fell a victim to the brutality of janitor Titus, and for whose murder he is now serving a life sentence. The monument, reared by public subscription, bears the words, "She died in defense of her honor, April 8, 1886, aged 18 years." Governors may commute the sentences of brutal murderers to imprisonment, as was done in this case, and other Governors may pardon; but while monuments like this stand, the popular sympathy and the popular purpose cannot be mistaken.

ANOTHER contribution to the political history of this country has just been made in the South. Senator Blackburn of Kentucky, in his oration at the late unveiling of a monument to John C. Breckinridge, declared "the greatest mistake of his (Breckinridge's) life" was "in the persistence with which he clung to the hope of a peaceful adjustment, and in his failure to take his state with him into the Confederacy"! With Jackson lauding Jeff Davis over Lincoln, in Georgia, the orators at the monument celebration in Richmond placing Lee and Washington side by side as the two most conspicuous patriots of our history, and Blackburn in Kentucky declaring that Breckinridge's only mistake was in not turning traitor to his country sooner, the bloody shirt would seem to be waving.

GREAT indignation is being expressed among the people of Plymouth church against the Rev. Dr. Joseph Parker, who came from England, as was given out at the time, expressly to deliver the eulogy upon Henry Ward Beecher, which was understood to be his gratuitous testimonial of love and admiration for the great American. It now appears that the trip had been long contemplated by him, and that he was paid for his address out of the Beecher monument fund. When a great many people were indulging in rhapsodies over the great English preacher, and filling themselves with delight at his lectures which he proceeded with exceeding thrift to deliver through the country, our own opinion of him was unfavorable. It looked to us like a sort of clap-trap incompatible with the character in which he was heralded, to go about with a lecture dressed in the garb of "clocks and watches," whatever might be the thoughts smuggled under the meaningless disguise; and we were disappointed in his sermons. So we experienced no shock from this new revelation.

"MUSCLE mistaken for strength," is the heading upon an article in the Inter Ocean of Sunday, by Julian Hawthorne, the moral of which is that abnormal muscular development is attained at the expense of true strength, at the expense of health and life. History attests its truth, though the enthusiasts in athletic culture will be slow to admit it. We well remember the surprise we felt when John C. Heenan died of consumption, not many years after pounding Tom Sayres, the English champion pugilist, into insensibility. We thought how could a man of Heenan's prodigious strength and endurance die of consumption? He was not strong; that was the reason: he was only muscular. What is the matter with Hanlon? Nothing but what comes to them all—early decay, produced by the unbalancing of the system. No man is prominent as an athlete more than a few years; while men go on in hard labor, without half the athlete's attention to health, for fifty years. Muscle has been mistaken for strength long enough.

UTOPIAN CHURCH.

Attention is newly called to the basis of church union proposed by the Episcopal bishops at their meeting in Chicago last year, by an article in a late magazine by a Presbyterian clergyman, approving the proposed basis. This is a little surprising, coming from a Presbyterian source, because one of the four principles composing the basis was the acceptance of the historic episcopate. Those who think organic union of the now diverse sects important to the progress of Christianity, will probably find encouragement in the Presbyterian divine's endorsement; but their satisfaction is not likely to be permanent, for the body to which he belongs can scarcely be expected to adopt his view. Our conviction is that organic union is both impracticable and undesirable. We question if it would not, were it now to be effected and to continue, lessen the aggregate activities and influence of the churches. Were it now to be effected, however, there is every probability that it could not continue. As it has been replied to the proposals for a distribution of wealth, that were the aggregate wealth to be now equally distributed to all the people, one man would have the shares of a dozen before to-morrow, so it may be replied to this proposal of church unity: were the churches to be all united in one body and under one creed this week, next week would hardly pass without the secession of bodies who would set up independently under other names and with modified creeds. We find no fault with this, and do not regard it either inconsistent or hurtful. No considerable body of men who think and who have convictions that are important to them, can associate themselves under any creed and agree with each other upon all points. If any single church organization can be found that has not members who dissent from some article of belief that others hold, it will be a church whose members do not think, or who do not regard beliefs as of any importance. When they differ too radically to be useful in one organization, they form another, and so sects originate. That is right and best, and necessary; and it is not desirable, in our judgment, to seek organic unity. Unity of aim and purpose, oneness of spirit and sympathy—this is desirable, and there is need to seek more of it. When the churches can reach a high standard in that respect, so that one denomination can look upon the worthy members of every other as brethren and not aliens, and thank God for the essential points in which they do agree without prejudice because of the non-essentials in which they differ, the utopian demand for a united church will disappear in the yet unheard-of successes that shall follow. We are making progress every year toward that, but have not yet reached it.

THERE is a decision in a New York court that soldiers' homes are charitable institutions, and that their inmates cannot gain a voting residence; and under that decision one hundred and fifty veterans in the soldiers' home at Bath, N. Y., have been indicted for illegal voting. The American people will never, we feel confident, permit a construction which disfranchises the men who fought to preserve our national institutions, the very foundation of which is the right use of the franchise.

ON the 15th of December, the national convention of republican clubs will meet in New York, and continue in session three days. The meeting should be one of great usefulness to the republican party. Untrammeled by impending nominations, they can discuss policies and declare purposes with a freedom that nominating conventions often hesitate to exercise, and they can give to the party and the country at large a declaration that shall not be subject to the suspicions and qualifications that more or less attach to the deliverances of all nominating conventions. There are questions of vital moment now before us, which shall determine success or defeat next year, according as our party shall take toward them a wise or an unwise position. The most important of those, in our judgment, is the saloon question, and the wise attitude upon that, as we believe, is one of uncompromising hostility toward that institution.

THAT murderous feud which has for years threatened to depopulate Hardin and Gallatin counties in southern Illinois, having already cost the lives of some fifty citizens, has broken out again. A representative of each of the two hostile factions met at a dance, last week, and killed each other. It is a regular Kentucky feud, the counties bordering the Ohio river and being chiefly populated from Kentucky. The sooner the desperadoes succeed in exterminating each other, the better.

THE people of Australia are in despair over the rabbit plague, and the government of New South Wales has offered a reward of a quarter of a million of dollars to any American inventor who shall devise means to exterminate the pests. This is a high compliment to American inventive resources, as well as to the staying powers of the English rabbit. We hope the English sparrow will not cost so much.

BRANCH county votes upon local option, Dec. 19, in compliance with a petition having three hundred more names than the law required. On the prohibition amendment that county voted 4334 Yes, to 1691 No, and there can be little question of the result now.

IF the Quebec Salvationists get themselves murdered by the senseless and infuriated French mobs, they can charge it up to their equally senseless determination to parade the streets in the face of certain riot.

NOW the Free press declares that the democracy is not a free-trade party. What's the matter! heard from Pennsylvania?

THE HAUNTING VOICE.

ADA IDDINGS GALE.

I hear it! I hear it! 'tis calling
Forever and ever to me,
O'er the voice of the autumn I hear it
O'er the crash of the lesser sea.
O'er the noise of the street it is rising
Clear, fine, as a tender harp tone,
And I raise my head and I listen
To its pleading "My own!" "My own!"

I hear it at dawn, when the eastern
Is red with the advent of day,
And my soul from its torpor awakens
And beats 'gainst its barrier of clay.
I hear it at eve when the western
Glows bright for the king monarch's throne,
And forever and ever 'tis calling
This only, "My own!" and "My own!"

I hear it at midnight when winds blow
And the moon trembles in through the glass,
And I shudder to hear it, and whisper
Alas! and alas! and alas!
And I cover my head, and I deafen
My ears to its murmuring tone,
Still it calls, and I hear it! I hear it!
Over and over—"My own!"

So will it call me forever,
So will I forever hear,
Till the spirit is freed from the body
Till the eye of the soul is made clear.
And then I will answer—triumphant
O'er time and the known and unknown,
And these are the words I shall utter
These and these only—My own!

Scribner's Magazine.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1888.—BEAUTIFUL CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

The holiday issue, now ready, is complete in itself, containing no serial matter. The cover is enriched by an ornamental border printed in gold. The price is as usual, 25 cents. It contains the most delightful stories, poems, and essays by distinguished writers, and superb illustrations

Among the important articles to appear during the year 1888 are the following—Send for prospectus:

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON will contribute regularly to each number during the year. He will write of many topics, old and new, and in a familiar and personal way, which will form new bonds of friendship between the author and his thousands of readers. In the first paper, entitled "A Chapter on Dreams," appearing in the January number, he relates incidentally, in connection with the general subject, some interesting facts concerning the origin of the now famous story "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS, by W. S. Chaplain, will be the first of an especially important and interesting series of papers on railways, their administration and construction, including great engineering feats, famous tunnels and passes, and, indeed, those branches of the subject which in this day engage the attention of the whole country. The illustrations which will accompany this series will be very elaborate, original, and beautiful. The authors and the titles of the future articles will be announced later.

DR. D. A. SARGENT'S papers on Physical Proportions and Physical Training will be continued by several of increasing interest, with as rich and unique illustration as those which have already appeared.

ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES of special interest will be those on the Campaign of Waterloo, by John C. Ropes; on "The Man at Arms," by E. H. Blashfield; two papers by Edward L. Wilson, illustrating results of recent Egyptian research; a further article by William F. Apthorp, on a subject connected with his recent contribution on Wagner, and many others of equal interest. Professor Shaler's articles on the Surface of the Earth will be continued; and articles upon two of the most interesting groups of contemporary European writers will be accompanied by rich and novel portrait illustrations.

ELECTRICITY in its various applications as a motive power, Explosives, etc., will be the subjects of another group of illustrated of equal practical interest, by leading authorities upon these topics.

MENDELSSOHN'S LETTERS written to his friend, Moscheles, at a peculiarly interesting time of his career, will furnish the substance of several articles of great interest to musical readers, which will be illustrated with protraits and drawings from Mendelssohn's own hand.

THE FICTION will be strong, not only in the work of well-known writers, but in that of new authors, in securing whose co-operation the Magazine has been so fortunate during its first year of publication. A serial novel, entitled "First Harvests," by Frederic J. Stimson, will be begun in the January number, and early in the year novelette will be published by Henry James and H. C. Bunner. The short stories are of noticeable strength and freshness.

ILLUSTRATIONS. The Magazine will show increased excellence in its illustrations. They will be more abundant and elaborate than ever. It is the intention of the publishers to represent the best work of the leading artists, and to promote and foster the most skillful methods of wood engraving.

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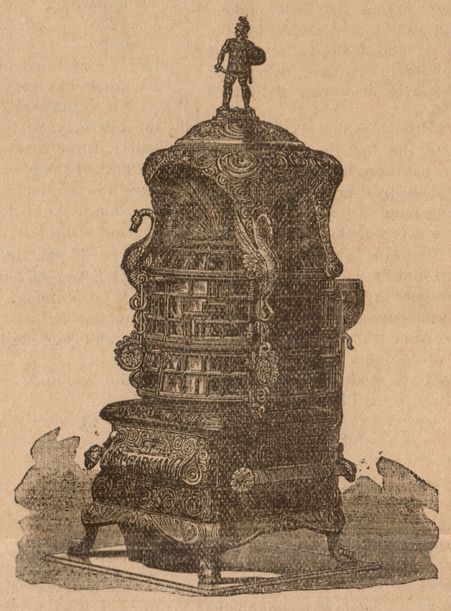

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We refund the money to any one who has taken three fourth's of a bottle of Kemp's Sarsaparilla without relief. It purifies the blood and gives new lease of life. Price $1.00 per bottle. Frank Smith, druggist. 7

Kemp's Pile Suppositories cure where all other treatments fail. Price 50c per box. Frank Smith, druggist. 7

Boston hasn't a traction road, but it pays $10,000 a year to have the Tremont Temple Sunday school run by Cable.

The most scientific compound for the cure of coughs, colds and all throat and lung troubles is Dr. Bigelow's Positive Cure. It is pleasant, prompt and safe. 50 cents and $1. Fred S. Davis.

Those who take Dr. Jones' Red Clover Tonic never have dyspepsia, costiveness, bad breath, piles pimples, ague and malaria, poor appetite, low spirits, headache or kidney troubles. Price 50 cents. Fred S. Davis Druggist.

"The best on earth" can truly be said of Griggs' Glycerine Salve—a speedy cure for cuts, bruises, scalds, burns, sores, piles, tetter and all skin eruptions. Try this wonder healer. 25 cents. Guaranteed. Fred S. Davis.

"We don't care for rain," said one Baltimore girl to another, as she raised an umbrella; "we're 'neither sugar nor salt.'" "No," replied the other, "but we're lasses."

How to Read

your doctor's prescriptions. Send three 2 cent stamps, to pay postage, and receive Dr. Kaufman's great treatise on diseases; illustrated in colors; it gives their signs and abbreviations. Address A. P. Ordway & Co., Boston Mass. 1314

The latest "sell" that youngsters are playing upon one another and upon their elders is: "Did you get the letter"—"What letter?" is naturally asked. "Go Gallagher?"

An Elegant Substitute

For oils, salts, pills, and all kinds of bitter, nauseous medicines, is the very agreeable liquid fruit remedy, Syrup of Figs. Recommended by leading Physicians. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. dec

The president's message: "Put lots of stuffing in that turkey."

Syrup of Figs.

Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Co., San Francisco, Cal., is Nature's Own True Laxative. This plesant California liquid fruit remedy may be had of Mr. Fred Davis. large bottles at fifty cents or one dollar. It is the most pleasant, prompt, and effective remedy known to cleanse the system to act on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels gently yet thoroughly; to dispel Headaches, Colds and Fevers; to cure Constipation, Indigestion, and kindred ills 447

"A rooster that strums on the piano is exciting the people of Salem, Ill." There is one thing to be said in favor of such a piano player. The rooster goes to bed at sundown.

What Am I to Do?

The symptons of Biliousness are unhappily but too well known. They differ in different individuals to some extent. A bilious man is seldom a breakfast eater. Too frequently, alas, he has an excellent appetite for liquids but none for solids of a morning. His tongue will hardly bear inspection at any time; if it is not white and furred, it is rough at all events.

The digestive system is wholly out of order and Diarrhea or Constipation may be a symtom or the two may alternate. There are often Hemorrhoids or even loss of blood. There may be giddiness and often headache and acidity or flatulence and tenderness in the pit of the stomach. To correct all this if not effect a cure try Green's August Flower, it costs but a trifle and thousands attest its efficacy. b

Mistress (arranging for dinner)—Didn't the macaroni come from the grocer's Bridget? Bridget—Yis, mum, but oi sint it back. Every wan av thim stims was impty.

GOOD RESULTS IN EVERY CASE.—D A. Bradford, wholesale paper dealer of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes, that he was seriously afflicted with a severe cold that settled on his lungs: had tried many remedies without benefit. Being induced to try Dr King's New Discovery for Consumption, did so and was entirely cured by the use of a few bottles. Since which time he has used it in his family for all Coughs and Colds with best results. This is the experience of thousands whose lives have been saved by this Wonderful Discovery. Trial Bottles free at Frank Smith's Drug Store. 5

BUCKLIN'S ARNICA SALVE.—The best salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Frank Smith.

John L. Sullivan has made a favorable impression on the Englishmen—especially the Englishmen who stopped the champion's doughty right. Mr. Sullivan's life is made up of impressions.

AN END TO BONE SCRAPING —Edward Shepard, of Harrisburg, Ill, says: "Having received so much benefit from Electric Bitters, I feel it my duty to let suffering humanity know it. Have had a running sore on my leg for eight years; my doctors told me I would have to have the bone scraped or leg amputated. I used, instead, three bottles of Electric Bitters and seven boxes of Bucklen's Arnica Salve; and my leg is now sound and well." Electric Bitters are sold at fifty cents a bottle, and Bucklen's Arnica Salve at 25c. per box by Frank Smith. 5

In a Salvation army row at Angola, Ind., the other day, one man was killed and several injured. The Salvation army appears to be the only army in this country that is doing any fighting just now. The United States army should be recalled from the western frontier and the Salvation army substituted.

TAKE SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

DYSPEPSIA

Up to a few weeks ago I considered myself the champion Dyspeptic of America. During the years that I have been afflicted I have tried almost everything claimed to be a specific for Dyspepsia in the hope of finding something that would afford permanent relief. I had about made up my mind to abandon all medicines when I noticed an endorsement of **Simmons Liver Regulator** by a prominent Georgian, a jurist whom I knew, and concluded to try its effects in my case. I have used but two bottles, and am satisfied that I have struck the right thing at last. I felt its beneficial effects almost immediately. Unlike all other preparations of a similar kind, no special instructions are required as to what one shall or shall not eat. This fact alone ought to commend it to all troubled with Dyspepsia.

J. N. HOLMES,
Vineland, N. J.

CONSTIPATION

To Secure a Regular Habit of Body without changing the Diet or Disorganizing the System, take

SIMMONS LIVER REGULATOR

ONLY GENUINE MANUFACTURED BY
J. H. ZEILIN & CO., Philadelphia.

C. S. SMITH,

Cross Street, near the Depot,

DEALER IN

Fresh, Salt and Smoked

MEATS!

First-Class Sugar-Cured Hams a Specialty.

Sausages of all kinds, made from best selected meats, always on hand.

Sausages cut for farmers and customers promptly and satisfactorily.

Only the Best Meats handled and only the Favorite Prices charged.

THE DEPOT MEAT MARKET,
C. S. SMITH, Proprietor.

ARE YOU GOING TO BUILD?

Or do you think of using

Lumber or Paint

In large or small quantities?

If yon do you should call at once on

S. W. Parsons & Co.

DEALERS IN

BUILDING MATERIAL

AND

Carpenter's Supplies of all kinds!

Lumber Yard and Factory north of Public Squars, east side; Branch Office and Paint Depot, Worden Block, Huron Street.

THOSE STEERS!

are nearly gone, but we will still contlnue to sell superior meat. Look at our Special Prices on

CURED MEATS.

Smoked Hams,	-	11 Cents
Smoked Bacon,	-	10 Cents
Smoked Shoulders,		8 Cents

H. Fairchild & Co.

The Business World in Miniature at

Cleary's

BUSINESS COLLEGE!

YPSILANTI, MICH.

No theory or text-book work; everything is real, the same as in the outside world. Visitors cordially invited. Circulars on application.

P. R. CLEARY,
PRINCIPAL.

ORCUTT'S

Livery, Feed and Sale

STABLE.

Horses, Carriages and Cutters

At Lowest Rates by the day or hour.

Hacks in connection with the barn for train and funeral purposes.

Telephone in office. Orders sent by telephone will receive prompt attention.

A full stock of Horse Goods, Harness, Robes, Whips, etc., at Lower Prices than they can be purchased elsewhere.

Office on Congress St.,

NEAR THE IRON BRIDGE.

"A HORSE! A HORSE!

My Kingdom for a Horse."

It cannot be denied that the above was a rather generous offer, and had one of our sharp Ypsilanti horse traders happened to be on the ground Richard cound have had a good horse for his contested kingdom. But, while speaking of generous offers, what do you think of this:

A Hand-Made Single Harness for		$12.00
A Better Harness for	- -	15.00
And one yet Better for	- -	18.00

These are not dramatic offers to win applause from the galleries, but actual business offers made by

W. H. HALL!

The Harness Maker and Dealer at the corner of Congress and Washington streets. It may also be suggested that Hall has a full line of

FINE WOOL BLANKETS

—AND—

Bear, Wolf and Goat Robes!

HORSE BOOTS OF ALL KINDS.

Hall is also Agent for the Celebrated Kalamazoo Road Carts.

See the Sign of the Bay Horse

REMOVED!

C. F. ENDERS

Has removed his

CARPENTER & CABINET SHOP

to Prof. George's new building, next to the Opera House, where he will continue the same business as heretofore—manufacturing to order Book Cases, Desks, Wardrobes, Cupboards, Tables, etc. Old cnstomers and new are invited to call tt the new location.

LADIES!

You need not soil your dresses. Dr. Kelly's

Medicated Arm Shield

will positively relieve you from excessive sweating arm pits.

Dr. James T. Sharpe, 36 N Clark st., Chicago, writes: Ladies need have no fears about wearing Dr. Kelly's Arm Shield as they are harmless, and a most certain relief from excessive sweating arm pits.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

H. P. GLOVER,

Dealer in Dry Goods, etc.

Electric Sudor!

The only remedy in the world for sweating feet, swelling, burning or galding extremities.

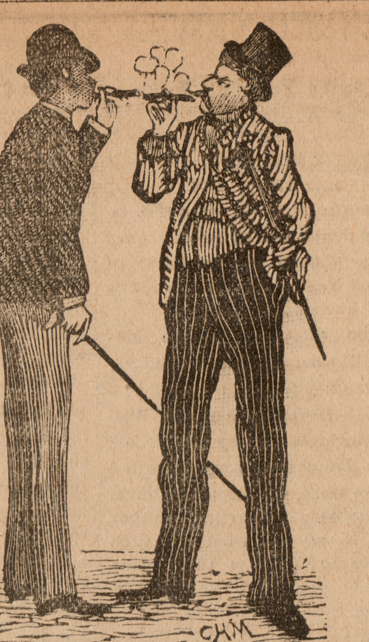
Can be used as a summer dressing for all kinds of burns, galds, chapping, &c., &c.

Endorsed and recommended by over a thousand physicians of Chicago. Used by U. S. army and navy.

FOR SALE ONLY BY

HEWITT & CHAMPION,

Dealers in Boots & Shoes.



"Hello, Dick, old boy; give us a light. Thanks. By the way, Dick, where is it you get your Clothing? Now my clothes, which I got same time or thereabout, look rumpled up, out of shape, and no style; while yours look as well as if the best tailor in the state made 'em."

"Why, Jo, my dear fellow, you must go to JOE SANDERS' if you want good clothes and a fit. You see it don't cost any more to get the style and that, if you go to Sanders', than it costs to dress like you. Ta-ta, old fellow. Try Sanders next time, and you'll be suited, and you wont be paralized by your suspender button flying off when you make a bow to a lady acquaintance on the street, either."

BARNUM & EARL

No. 27 Congress Street.

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware

GOLD PENS, OPTICAL GOODS, Etc.

New styles, original designs, elegant and appropriate for every one. The finest goods at the lowest possible prices. Everybcdy come whether you purchase or not.

"THE BEST PLACE"

To look for what you may want in the Jewelry line.

"The Early Bird Gets the Worm." Yes, we know the old gag about the foolish worm, but what I want to impress upon your mind is the fact that I have the greatest improvement of the age in COAL STOVES. No more complaints of cold floors. Call and see the Splendid, Gold Coin, and Acorn Base Burners. A full line of Wood Stoves, etc.

J. H. SAMPSON, 17 Huron Street.

TIME TABLE—JULY 6, 1887.

GOING EAST.

	Mail.*	Day Exp.*	N.Y. Exp.*	Atl. Exp.†	Nght Exp.†	Grnd Rap. Ex.*
	am	am	pm	pm	pm	
Chicago	6 50	9 00	3 10	8 15	9 10	....
	pm	pm		am	am	am
Kalamazoo	12 17	1 50	6 58	12 33	2 35	6 45
Jackson	3 15	4 23	8 49	3 15	4 50	9 15
Ann Arbor	4 33	5 30	9 45	4 35	6 06	10 25
YPSILANTI	4 50	5 45	9 56	4 52	6 24	10 40
Denton's‡	5 00	....	....	....	6 33	....
Wayne Jun.	5 15	6 05	....	5 15	6 47	11 03
W. Detroit	5 50	6 35	10 35	5 50	7 20	11 35
Detroit	6 00	6 45	11 15	6 00	7 30	11 45
		am	am	pm	pm	
Buffalo	....	3 35	6 15	2 45	7 50	....

GOING WEST.

	Mail.*	Day Ex.*	Chi. Ex.†	Grnd Rap. Ex.*	Ev'g Ex.†	Pac. Ex.†
		pm	am		am	am
Buffalo	....	11 30	5 45	....	9 00	11 35
	am	am	pm	pm	pm	pm
Detroit	7 00	9 10	1 30	4 00	8 00	9 15
W. Detroit	7 10	9 20	1 40	4 10	8 10	9 25
Wayne Jun	7 40	9 53	2 08	4 45	8 37	9 55
Denton's‡	7 52	....	....	5 00	....	....
YPSILANTI	8 01	10 12	2 20	5 12	8 58	10 20
Ann Arbor	8 16	10 25	2 32	5 30	9 12	10 38
Jackson	9 35	11 35	3 32	7 10	10 52	12 03
					am	am
Kalamazoo	11 52	1 50	5 15	9 45	1 20	2 35
	pm					
Chicago	5 15	6 40	9 30	....	7 00	8 05

*Sundays excepted. †Daily. ‡Stop on signal. Trains run on central standard time.

O. W. RUGGLES, G. P. & T. Agt, Chicago. B. M. DAMON, Station Agt, Ypsi.

LAKE SHORE AND MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

FROM YPSILANTI. Fr'gt*	Mail and ex.‡		TO YPSILANTI. Mail and ex.‡	Fr'gt†
6 30am	9 00am	Ypsilanti	5 10pm	4 00pm
7 10	9 18	Pittsfield	4 53	3 30
7 35	9 28	Saline	4 42	3 05
8 15	9 45	Bridgewater	4 28	2 35
10 03	10 03	Manchester	4 10	2 00
10 35	10 15	Watkins	3 57	12 30pm
11 20	10 30	Brooklyn	3 43	11 20am
11 52	10 44	Woodstock	3 30	11 02
12 30pm	10 50	Somerset	3 23	10 50
12 55	10 55	S'm'rs't Centre	3 18	10 25
1 45	11 05	Jerome	3 09	10 00
2 58	11 16	North Adams	2 58	9 25
3 30pm	11 35	Hillsdale	2 40pm	8 30am
.....	6 50pm	Chicago	7 25am	....
.....	5 05	Toledo	9 35am	....
.....	9 40pm	Cleveland	5 35am	....
.....	3 30am	Buffalo	11 40pm	....

*Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays only.
†Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays only.
‡Daily except Sunday.

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF Washtenaw, ss. At a session of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, holden at the Probate Office in the City of Ann Arbor, on Saturday, the fifth day of November, in the year one thousand eight hundred and eighty-seven. Present, William D. Harriman, Judge of Probate. In the matter of the estate of Joseph Bickford deceased. On reading and filing the petition, duly verified, of Daniel B. Greene, praying that a certain instrument now on file in this court purporting to be the last will and testament of said deceased, may be admitted to probate, and that he may be appointed executor thereof. Thereupon it is ordered, that Tuesday, the sixth day of December next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, be assigned for the hearing of said petition, and that the devisees, legatees and heirs at law of said deceased, and all other persons interested in said estate are required to appear at a session of said Court, then to be holden at the Probate Office, in the City of Ann Arbor, and show cause, if any there be, why the prayer of the petitioner should not be granted. And it is further ordered, that said petitioner give notice to the persons interested in said estate, of the pendency of said petition, and the hearing thereof, by causing a copy of this order to be published in THE YPSILANTIAN, a newspaper printed and circulated in said County, three successive weeks previous to said day of hearing.

WILLIAM D. HARRIMAN,
[A true copy.] Judge of Probate.
WM. G. DOTY, Probate Register. 1013

STATE OF MICHIGAN, COUNTY OF WASHtenaw, ss. Notice is hereby given, that by an order of the Probate Court for the County of Washtenaw, made on the twenty-seventh day of October, A. D. 1887, six months from that date were allowed for creditors to present their claims against the estate of Alford Smith, late of said county, deceased, and that all creditors of said deceased are required to present their claims to said Probate Court, at the Probate Office in the city of Ann Arbor, for examination and allowance, on or before the twenty-seventh day of April next, and that such claims will be heard before said Court, on Friday the twenty-seventh day of January, and on Friday the twenty-seventh day of April next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of each of said days.

Dated, Ann Arbor, October 27, A. D. 1887.
WILLIAM D. HARRIMAM,
40913 Judge of Probate.

MORTGAGE SALE.—BY A MORTGAGE dated the 28th day of August, 1886, and recorded on the 28th day of August, 1886, at 1:50 o'clock p. m., in the office of the Register of Deeds for the county of Washtenaw and state of Michigan, in liber 66 of mortgages, on page 316, Charles T. Henion and Sarah A. Henion duly mortgaged to Ezra D. Lay, lands in the township of Ann Arbor, in said Washtenaw county, described as follows, to wit; Commencing on the southeast corner of the east half of the southeast quarter of section thirty-one, in town two south, of range six east; thence north to the quarter section stake; thence west about sixty-three and one-third rods, and so far that a line drawn north and south parallel with said first line through a drive well would intersect said point; thence south through the center of said drive well, where a wind wheel stands and stock is watered, about one hundred and sixty rods to the center of the highway; thence east to the place of beginning, excepting about fifteen acres on the south end thereof, sold to Sarah A. Henion; also a right of way, two rods wide along the east side of land deeded by Nelson Sutherland and wife to Sarah A. Henion, dated August 10, 1878, and recorded in liber 86 of deeds, on page 476 in the office of Register of Deeds for Washtenaw county. The sum of three hundred twenty-one dollars and forty-four cents is claimed to be due on said mortgage at the date of this notice, and also an attorney's fee of twenty dollars provided for therein, and no suit or proceedings at law having been instituted to recover the same, or any part thereof. Default having been made in the conditions of said mortgage by which the power of sale therein contained has become operative, notice is hereby given that said mortgage will be foreclosed by a sale of said mortgaged premises, above described, at public vendue, to the highest bidder, at ten o'clock in the forenoon on Monday, the 12th day of December, 1887, at the south door of the court house, in the city of Ann Arbor, in said county.

Dated, Sept. 8, 1887.
EZRA D. LAY, Mortgagee.
D. B. GREENE, Attorney. 401-13

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY!

Dr. A. B. SPINNEY,

Medical Superintendent of the Ypsilanti Sanitarium, has opened an office on the ground floor of the Sanitarium, where he is prepared to examine and treat all forms of Chronic Diseases. Special attention will be given to the treatment of

CATARRH, THROAT, LUNG, AND EYE AND EAR DISEASES.

Persons suffering from diseased vision and unable to find glasses can have their eyes examined and glasses made to order.

Dr. Spinney has been 15 years in active general practice, also 12 years in the treatment of Chronic Diseases.

Office hours: 10 to 12 A. M., and 2 to 4 P. M.

PENSIONS!

D. B. GREENE has procured more pensions than all the rest of the County.

Call and see him.

He is always at home on PENSION DAY to fix your vouchers. The infirm waited on at home.

WM. MALLION,

Gunsmith, and dealer in all kinds of Guns Pistols, Ammunition, etc. Repairing and Gas Fitting promptly attended to.

Washington St., Ypsilanti.

THE YPSILANTIAN.

YPSILANTI, - MICH.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1887.

NEW YORK CITY boasts of forty Hebrews worth more than $1,000,000 each.

IT is discovered that a school teacher near Montreal can neither read nor write.

IT is charged that at Georgia hotels the much-abused William goat is served for lamb chops.

A TERRIBLE disease, known as black small-pox, is raging in parts of Mexico, and has crossed into Arizona.

The prettiest girl in Chicago weighs three hundred pounds and has a hair lip. She is worth $32,000,000.

A MERRILL (Wis.) business man bought a white cow, and after duly embelishing her with advertisements let her run the streets.

A CARGO of 278 Mormons arrived by the Nevada at New York last week from Great Britian, Scandinavia, Germany and Switzerland.

A YOUNG man and his best girl recently rode in a buggy from Plum Hollow, Canada, to the Lindhurst Exhibition, a distance of 105 miles.

A GOLD nugget weighing twenty-two and a half ounces and valued at $560 was picked up by Geo. Liles on his claim at Atlanta, Idaho.

THERE is a young man in Hartford who has had the broken bone of one of his legs mended with a silver rivet, and will soon be out on crutches.

THE Thames River in and below London is often thickly covered with corks. Hereafter they will be gathered and used for kindling-wood.

MISS MARY ANDERSON has established her residence at Hampstead near the Heath. Miss Mary Eastlake is also a resident of the famous village.

OLD-MAIDISH looking girls in Kentucky are wearing the little corkscrew curls that were fashionable forty years ago. Same curls, but not same girls.

A PROVIDENCE man, who admitted choking his wife to death, has been sentenced to prison for one year. There ought to be a married woman on the Rhode Island Bench.

A TIRED New Jersey fisherman laid his pole with line and baited hook on the bank while he took a doze. Upon waking he found a young robin had taken the bait and been killed by the hook.

EXPERTS say that the time in coming when America will export instead of import jewelry. American workers in gold already surpass their English and French rivals in variety and beauty of design.

A CHICAGO dun collects bills by pretending to be deaf, and when his debtor explains why he does not pay, the dun makes him yell his explanation so that it can be heard by everybody within long range earshot.

ABOUT fifteen miles south of Meridian, Miss., there is a spring near the foot of a hill. The water is almost as sour as lemon-juice. With the addition of sugar it makes first-class lemonade, with a slight taste of iron.

J. H. KATES, of Allegheny, has secured a patent on an invention which he thinks will revolutionize travel by water. It consists of a boat so constructed that it runs to a great extent on top of the water instead of through the water.

IT is reported that the old Great Eastern is to be brought to New York and converted into a floating hotel and ocean excursion boat. It is said that she has just been resold in London for $105,000, which shows that she has passed into new hands, and it may be these that are acting for the New Yorkers. The alleged syndicate includes some wealthy theatrical and Wall-street people.

FORTY years ago the land where Portland, Oregon, stands was owned by Messrs. Overton and Pettygrove. They laid out a town, and then argued about a name. Pettygrove, who came from Portland, Maine, wanted to name it after his native place. Overton, who was from the Hub, wanted to call it Boston. They could not agree, and so tossed a cent to decide the matter. Pettygrove won, and Portland, Oregon, began its existence.

THE autograph collection of the late Ferdinand Hiller was recently sold at Cologne. A manuscript composition of Mendelssohn-Bartholdi brought the highest price, 72 marks; an unsigned letter of Beethoven was sold for 51 marks, and an autograph of Chopin for 18½ marks. Among living composers, a presentation copy of a score by Max Bruch brought the highest price, 10½ marks; autographs of Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, Rubinstein, Brahms, and Clara Schumann ranged in value from 3 to 7 marks.

PENN JONSON was traveling through Taylor County, Fla., the other day, when a big rattlesnake came suddenly into the road just ahead of the horse. The horse tried to dodge around the snake, and the snake tried to get away from the horse, and the result was that the rattler became entangled in the front wheel of the buggy. The horse ran, and the revolution of the wheel threw the snake into the buggy. Johnson thereupon quit the vehicle in a remarkably rapid manner, he doesn't know how, and the horse went on like the wind.

CONDENSED NEWS.

Latest Intelligence From all Parts of the World.

FIRE RECORD.

The cabinet-shop of Guckert & Co., a Pittsburgh, was destroyed by fire, causing a loss of about $20,000. A number of men were injured by jumping from the windows of the burning building.

A large portion of Cary Station, McHenry county, Illinois, was destroyed by fire Monday morning.

It is generally believed at Wausau, Wisconsin, that Saturday's fire, by which Carl Honikel and his five children were burned to death, was the work of an incendiary. Mrs. Honikel, the only surviving member of the family, is so overwhelmed with grief that she can not discuss the matter intelligently. The bodies of the six victims were buried, Sunday, in one grave.

A panic prevails at Belfast, Ohio, owing to the prevalence of incendiary fires. Five buildings were fired during the past week, and the hose of the department was cut while extinguishing one of the blazes, practically crippling it for the present.

The establishment of the Des Moines (Iowa) Pork-Packing Company was urned Thursday evening, causing a loss of $130,000.

Hirsch, Ely & Co's. new window-glass factory at Findlay. Ohio, was burned Thanksgiving Day, entailing a loss of $15,000.

CRIMES AND CRIMINALS.

At Johan Most's trial in New York, one of the defendant's witnesses said he did not believe God bothered about such trifling things as perjury. Of course perjury is a trifling thing in the opinion of anarchists, and their testimony should be treated accordingly.

Charles L. Frey, one of the Chicago boodlers indicted for conspiracy, appeared in court with Mr. Grinnell and pleaded guilty. At the suggestion of the state's attorney he was fined $250 and costs.

Peter Barrett, who is charged with the murder of a man named Tollefson at Minneapolis, was taken to that city from Omaha Saturday and safely lodged in jail. The prisoner is very carefully guarded, because he has been threatened with lynching, and the authorities fear an attempt may be made to carry the threats into execution.

The safe of the county treasurer's office at Centreville, Missouri, was blown open Friday night and robbed of about $20,000 in cash.

The death list of colored persons killed during the troubles at Thibodeaux, La., now includes sixteen men and one woman. It is believed that many others lost their lives, and that their bodies will yet be found.

CASUALTIES.

Two miners were caught in a fall of rock and coal in a mine near Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, and crushed to death.

While leading his horse in Chicago, Richard Ion, a teamster, was caught between the pole of his wagon and the dashboard of a street-car on West Lake street. The pole struck him in the chest and crushed his ribs over the heart, killing him almost instantly.

By the explosion of a boiler attached to a kitchen range in the Kirby House at Milwaukee, the building was badly shattered and some twenty persons were injured, two of them fatally. Mrs. Gage, a cook, was instantly killed.

Two men were killed in a wreck on the Lake Erie and Western road near Lima, Ohio, Saturday.

In a freight collision on the Cincinnati Southern Road at Nemo, Tenn., two men were killed, another was severely scalded, and a fourth badly hurt. Two engines and seven cars were wrecked.

At a crossing at West Newton, Mass. a team attached to a carriage was run down by a train. William and Charles Hannon were killed, Joseph Burke was fatally injured, and Patrick D. Gorman was badly bruised. The horses had to be shot.

POLITICAL.

The official figures of the recent election in Dakota show that the majority for division will not exceed 3,000, and that only eight counties in the territory voted against prohibition.

WASHINGTON.

The second formal meeting of the fisheries conference was held in Washington Monday.

INDUSTRIAL.

The employes in the Union ship-yards at Buffalo, New York, who struck because their demand for the discharge of six non-union men was refused, have returned to work without carrying their point.

Powderly's letter, published a few days since, has had the effect predicted by the rebellious Knights of Labor. At a meeting of members of the order in Indiana polis, Sunday, resolutions were adopted indorsing the administration.

The Pennsylvania courts decided adversely to the power of the mine-owners to evict the striking miners from their homes.

It was determined Thursday by the Knights of Labor and Miners and Laborers' Association to issue a boycott against the Lehigh Valley Road and the Susquehanna Division of the Central Road of New Jersey.

The employes of the Manitoba railroad machine shops and round houses at Barnesville, Minn., have struck for nonpayment of wages.

The lumber-sawing season is practically over, and the few mills running at Minneapolis, Minn., closed Saturday. About 200,000,000, or 60,000,000 less than last year, have been cut.

GENERAL.

It is said that the recent riots in Quebec have had a disastrous effect upon the trade of the city. More trouble is expected when the Salvation army have another parade.

The annual report of the general superintendent of the life-saving service shows that the establishment embraced 218 stations af the close of the last fiscal year. The total number of disasters within the field of station operations was 467, the total value of the property involved $7,172,000, and the total value of the property saved $5,881,000. The people involved numbered 6,601, of whom but 58 were lost.

Judge Colt, of the United States circuit court, has sustained the claim of the State of Massachusetts against the Western Union Telegraph company for about $10,000 in taxes for the year 1885. The money must be paid within thirty days, with 12 per cent. interest from the time when the taxes were due.

George Daniel has been appointed postmaster at Sandusky, Ohio.

Word comes from La Crosse, Wisconsin, that the ice has stopped running in the Mississippi, and it is said that the river has never before closed so early in the season.

It would seem that there is no foundation for the stories that have been circulated to the effect that the capitol at Austin, Texas, is insecure. Governor Ross thinks there is not a stronger or better built structure in the country and such architects as have examined it report upon it favorably.

A rich lead of pure galena ore has been discovered at Jordan Center, Iowa county, Wis.

J. D. Rockefeller, chairman of the Standard Oil trust, testified before the interstate commission, but nothing especially new was elicited.

The golden jubilee of Pope Leo XIII. was celebrated Thursday at Milwaukee, Wis., by a grand parade. Speeches were made at the Exposition Building, and the occasion was a memorable one.

FOREIGN.

Lord Lyons, British ambassador to France, is suffering from a stroke of paralysis. He has been taken from Paris to London.

It is asserted that the British government intends to prosecute the editors of a number of papers who have printed reports of meetings of suppressed branches of the National league.

The police prevented the holding of a demonstration in honor of the Manchester martyrs at Limerick. They had several encounters with the crowds in the streets, in which a number of people were injured.

President Grevy will send his resignation to the chamber of deputies on Thursday next. In a speech at Berlin, Saturday, Emperor William expressed his regret at the forced retirement of M. Grevy from office.

GREAT SHIPWRECK.

150 Lives Lost—Only 80 Saved.

The Netherlands Line steamship W. A. Scholten, which sailed from Rotterdam for New York, came into collision ten miles off Dover at 10 o'clock Saturday night, the 19th inst., with the steamer Ross Mary, and sank almost immediately. The Scholten had on board passengers and crew to the number of 230, and only eighty are known to have been saved. Of the remaining 150, not one-fourth of the bodies have been recovered.

A dense fog prevailed when the collision occurred, and the Scholten was moving at half speed. No warning of the collision was given, the sudden shock of the contact on the port bow having been the first intimation to the officers on the Dutch steamer of the proximity of another vessel.

The ship carried five boats, but only two of them were available, the other three being unseaworthy. The two sound boats were lowered, and at the same time it was reported on deck that the ship was making water rapidly and must soon go down.

The scenes which followed this announcement were terrible beyond description. Shrieks, prayers, groans and curses mingled with the hoarse voices of the officers giving orders and the cries of little children clinging to their mothers' skirts rendered the situation still more heart-rending. The officers displayed admirable coolness and remained at their posts of duty until the last.

Within twenty minutes after the two ships came together the Scholten was at the bottom of the channel. All of the passengers and crew who had been fortunate enough to procure life belts floated, and were picked up by the Edre's boats, which cruised around until 4 o'clock the next morning,

SPARKS AT HOME.

He Will Seek Vindication Before the People.

Hon. William A. J. Sparks, late Commissioner of the Land Office has returned to his home in Southern Illinois and it is reported that he proposes to seek vindication before the people as a candidate for Congress. Previous to his appointment he had been a member of Congress and had served with Secretary Lamar and they were such warm friends that it was mostly through the Secretary's influence that he was appointed. He went into office with the confidence of the President as well as the Secretary, and for awhile everything moved along smoothly, but his rulings in land cases were not always satisfactory and in the course of time the Secretary of the Interior was compelled to overrule one of his decisions and from that time foward there was no harmony between them. Again and again the Secretary interfered and this so exasperated the Commissioner that he did not probably exercise that caution that should have characterized his administration. His decisions created considerable dissatisfaction in the north west, and naturally the President became worried over the differences between these officials until recently, as the reader knows it culminated in a letter to the President from the Secretary announcing that he or Sparks had to resign. As a consequence, Mr. Sparks resigned and his resignation was accepted by the President in a letter to the late Commissioner. Armed with this letter and backed by his old friends he will seek to be elected to Congress. In the letter Mr. Sparks is highly complimented for his honesty of purpose, but the President says that as to the merits of the controversy he is naturally governed by the judgment of the Secretary and concludes: "I desire to heartily acknowledge the value of your services in the improved administration of the Land Department which has been reached, and to assure you of my appreciation of the rugged and unyielding integrity which has characterized your official conduct."

MICHIGAN.

Condensed Reports of the Latest News from all Parts of the State

—Union City now has a camp of Sons of Veterans.

—The electric light is to be put in at Mancelona shortly.

—The infant city of Gladstone has two newspapers already.

—There are sixty-eight Sunday schools in Shiawassee county.

—Marquette is again pushing its claim for a life-saving station.

—Nearly twenty million feet of logs are hung up in the Au Gres river.

—The new judge of probate for Manitou county is Francis Dunbrey.

—St. Joe County Teachers' association meets at Centerville. Dec. 1 and 3.

—A lodge of the Knights of Maccabees has been organized at St. Ignace.

—A lodge of the Ancient Order of Hibernians is being organized at Adrian.

—The local option question will receive the attenting of Antrim county voters Dec. 6.

—Kalamazoo's new charitable organization is preparing for extensive work this winter.

—Some eight hundred acres of land have been cleared up near Grand Haven for vegetable gardens.

—Judge Bunce reached the one hundredth anniversary of his birth recently, and was officially congratulated.

—Latham Hull, President of the First National Bank and one of Kalamazoo's wealthiest citizens, died recently, aged 75 years.

—Marshall hogs are suffering greatly from the ravages of hog cholera. The disease is said to be most fatal in the case of swill-fed swine.

—A pair of Mormon missionaries have evacuated the vicinity of Woodland in pursuance to a strongly worded request signed by the citizens.

—The Muskegon Home for the Friendless has received $500 each from the Chicago and West Michigan railroad and the Thayer Lumber company.

—The question of removing the county seat of Van Buren from Paw Paw to Lawrence, the geographical center of the county, is again making talk in that section.

—Samuel Thompson, the only colored lawyer in Washtenaw county, is about to be married to Miss Elizabeth Purtell, a white girl who is twenty-four years his junior.

—The Michigan Engineering society meets at Kalamazoo, Jan. 17, 1888, to hold its ninth annual convention. Papers on important topics will be read, and a fine program is being made up.

—The Hillsdale County Clerk has issued a call for an election under the local option law, to occur on Dec. 19. There were over 3,000 signatures to the petition presented him asking for the call.

—An injunction will be served to restrain Ann Arbor from raising $2,500 or $5,000 for a "booming" fund as voted at a special election last spring. The ground on which the injunction will be served is the illegality of the tax.

—Professor J. W. Ewing, president of the State Teachers' Association, has issued a call for the annual convention to be held in Representative Hall, Lansing, Dec. 27 to 29. Dr. E. E. White, superintendent of the Cincinnati schools, will make the annual address.

—A gas-pipe bomb was found on the steps leading to the Reed City *Clarion* office the other day. The bomb was tested and exploded with terrific effect. There is no clue to the person who placed the bomb, and no reasonable cause for its being placed there.

—Lansing has gained another important manufactory. John Coleman, a well-known Bay City manufacturer, has decided to remove to Lansing, and will in a few days conclude the arrangements for erecting a building 80x100 feet in size, to be used as a carriage factory. He will employ twenty-five workmen at the outset.

—A singular accident befell an Indiana hunter at Cadillac a day or two ago. He had killed a deer and a porcupine, and in some manner a quill from the latter animal got into the vension and afterward into the hunter's throat. He was unable to eat or lie down for three days, when a surgeon removed the annoying obstacle, and he is now better.

—Gaylord voted to bond for water works and the measure was carried by an almost unanimous vote. A large vote was polled. Every business man and all of the heaviest taxpayers voted and worked for the measure. The town will also adopt the electric light system soon. Gaylord may be placed among the substantial growing towns of Northern Michigan.

—A representative of the Cushman Telephone Company is working up an exchange at Coldwater. The appearances are that it is a very good field to work, as the Bell Company at one time had 118 phones in use there, and the number has now dwindled down to forty. There is also a prospect of securing the electric light, although the people are "on the fence," as they are expecting natural gas every day.

—George Fischer and Oliver Manassau, of Livonia, were tried at Plymouth the other day on a charge of stealing potatoes from Christian Stockfliet. They were tried before Justices Valentine and Briggs, and the jury returned a verdict of guilty, whereupon they were sentenced to the house of correction for three months with a fine of $100. They have both appealed their cases to the circuit court. Considerable interest was manifested in the trial, as nearly all of the inhabitants of the township of Livonia were present.

—A dancing party was given at Palace Hall, Port Huron, which Wm. Stapleton, the janitor of the hall, will long remember. There was some difficulty with the electric light, and Mr. Stapleton got up on a step ladder and with a long poker commenced working around the wires. Suddenly the poker, came in contact with an exposed wire, and this was the last the janitor remembered for some time. The shock threw him to the floor, and it was only after restoratives had been applied that he recognized what had taken place. He was soon all right, and was around at work again.

—A cow in a bed-room is probably an unusual sight, but nevertheless such a thing occurred lately at a house on Second street, Au Sable. The lady of the house, having occasion to go to her bed-room for articles, was very much surprised and somewhat frightened to find a life-sized cow standing before the glass innocently chewing her cud and curling her bangs. Upon being discovered the cow attempted to escape through the window, but was finally driven out through the dining room. How the cow ever came there has been shelved along with the seven wonders of the world.

Something about Cats.

It is estimated that not less than nine million cats are annually brought into this sinful world. Of these the great majority are miserably drowned—a practice which is destined shortly to be done away with by the recognition of the cat as a fur bearing animal. Rugs of selected Maltese and tortoise shell are already quite expensive, and excellent imitations of various furs are made in this material. Taxidermists, too, are advertising for kittens by the thousand to stuff for ornamental purposes. At present the only purpose to which they are applied in this country is the manufacture of carriage robes, but vast numbers of them are sent to Europe, where they are in great demand for coats and hats, dressing gown linings, and other garments.

The pelts come in from all parts of the country. They are gathered by professional collectors, who supply them by the quantity at regular rates. A common cat skin is worth five cents, a pure Maltese ten cents, and a black one 25 cents. A carriage robe of the best cat fur is worth from $40 to $50. There are always plenty of stray cats running wild in the rural districts. The Maine woods are full of them. They breed wonderfully fast, and it is good sport popping them off the fences and stone wall along the roadside.—*Boston Herald.*

Ivy Poisoning.

A writer in *The Popular Science News* gives the treatment which he had often found serviceable in his own case when poisoned with ivy: I have always been extremely susceptible to the poison of poison ivy and oak, so as to give me great annoyance, unless it is immediately checked on its first appearance. This common washing soda accomplishes for me, if properly applied. I make the application by saturating a slice of loaf bread with water, then cover one surface with soda and apply to the eruption, the soda next the flesh. When the bread is dried by the animal heat, I drop water on the outer side, so as to keep it thoroughly moistened and dissolve the soda crystals in contact with the skin. This, you will perceive, is merely a bread poultice, the bread being a vehicle through whose moisture the soda reaches the humor. I find that washing or bathing with soda water, even continuously, will not suffice with me. My skin requires the heat and moisture of the bread in order for the soda to act on and neutralize the poison. I rarely have need to retain this soda poultice for more than thirty minutes to any affected part. No pain ensues. Formerly I suffered often for weeks, as the poison would spread all over my body. Now thirty minutes measures the duration of its exhibition.

The Writ of Error.

The arguments in the anarchist case are made and the question of granting or refusing the writ of error has been decided by the highest judicial tribunal in the land. Of the four speeches, that of Mr. Grinnell stands out as the clearest, keenest, and most forcible, and stamps him as one of the finest lawyers in the country. He consumed less than half of his allotted time, yet he covered the whole case, disposing in a sentence of Mr. Tucker's elaborate argument on the fourteenth amendment, and in his closing remarks answered in advance, and most completely, the carefully prepared speech of Gen. Butler, causing that renowned barrister to spring to his feet with a demand for the privilege of cross-examining the cool, level-headed lawyer who was fairly knocking the foundation of his structure to fragments. Mr. Grinnell says himself he is no orator; and in his speech, both at the trial and before the Supreme Court, there is no evidence whatever of any attempt at oratorical flights. But, in both instances, he had the law and the facts at his tongue's end, and presented them so clearly and so forcibly that they carried conviction with them.

Born a Slave in New York.

On Monday evening there passed away in this village one of the very few colored people who were born in slavery in the State of New York. This was Nancy Manderville, who had reached the ripe old age of 90 years. She was born a slave under the roof of Harmon Van Vechten, the owner of her parents, in Cambridge, Washington county, in 1797, and has remained in the family ever since. For the past sixteen years she has resided with Mr. Samuel Van Vechten, a grandson of her original owner. Nancy was a fervent Christian, and had been a member of the First Methodist Episcopal Church here for sixty years. She was much respected by all who knew her, and by none more than the families in which her life lot was cast. She was a faithful servant, warm-hearted and motherly to the children, and it was the pleasure of all to make her declining years as comfortable as possible.—*The Saratogian.*

Two Pumpkins for a Vote

The only attempt to influence a voter for a convention was in West Dover Hundred, where one of the number of voters who go to the election for what there is in it was standing around waiting for bids, when a convention man told him that he would like him to vote for a convention, but that no boodle was being used. The voter could not see it. He had always been paid for his vote, and he was conscientious against depositing his ballot without pay. Finally he was told that he would be given two big pumpkins by one of the crack farmers of the hundred who raised a large crop of pumpkins this year. This won him, and he cast his ballot for a convention, and he will get his two pumpkins whenever he goes after them. This is the only vote we have heard of in the county that any undue influence was used to procure.—*Dover (Del.) Sentinel.*

FARM TOPICS.

SAVE THE SMALL POTATOES.

Every indication points to high prices for potatoes, and by planting time anything suitable for planting will be in active demand. It is better, to feed almost anything this year than small potatoes, which by some are preferred for seed because they will plant farther than large ones.

TOMATOES RIPENING IN THE CELLAR.

Always when frost comes it catches the tomato plants with large quantities of unripe fruit. If the vines are pulled up while untouched by frost and thrown into the cellar, most of the fruit will ripen. In this way it is possible with very little trouble to keep fresh tomatoes from the Summer's growth until near Christmas. Late in the season the tomato does not rot so quickly as it does earlier.

BUYING BRAN CHEAPLY.

At this season bran is always cheaper than it is later in Winter when all feed becomes scarce. The millers are generally crowded with wheat, and as bran is bulky they are forced to sell. A little later as wheat stacks diminish they will naturally hold bran for a higher price, and get it. If a farmer has a good place to store bran he can always save money by purchasing what he wants in the Fall or early Winter.

SQUIRRELS AND FRUIT.

The common red squirrel is in some places a great pest to pear growers. The little rascal does not seem to care for the fruit, but cuts it in two, eating out the seeds and leaving the divided halves to rot. The squirrel, though beautiful, is destructive, and should at least be kept within bounds. One of his worst habits is in destroying the nests and eggs of birds that are fully as beautiful as himself, and far more valuable to man as destroyers of noxious insects.

LEAVES IN FOREESTS.

In a thick forest such as grows on the best land leaves lie pretty evenly over the surface, and this with undrifted snow keeps the ground from freezing deeply. As the trees are thinned out, winds come in and blow the surface bare both of leaves and snow. The soil freezes deeper than ever before, and as the tree roots are mostly near the surface they are frozen dry. This is the reason why so many trees in partly cleared lands begin to die at the top and must soon be cut down.

BEDDING THE BARNYARD.

Wherever straw is abundant a good deal should be spread over the barnyard to catch the droppings of animals during winter. If straw is scarce some other material should be used. Sods with as thin a slice of earth and as much grass as possible are even better than straw, as they absorb the liquid manure more perfectly. Though stock should be stabled at nights it should have the run of the barnyard at least on fine days for exercise, and the manure it then makes ought not to be lost.

FALL SOWING OF LETTUCE.

Self-sown lettuce from the seed scattered in the Fall when ripening is always earlier than the earliest Spring planting. Our climate is pretty cold to allow growth in Winter, but lettuce is hardy, and if it barely sprouts the seed will push into strong growth early in the Spring. If covered with leaves the bed will be better. Much self-sown lettuce is poor because it comes from seed on plants that run too much to seed and too little to leaf. In any event Fall-sown lettuce should not be used for seed, as it is more apt to run out than that kept growing vigorously all the time.

SOFT CORN FOR COWS.

We have long thought that much of the soft corn almost wasted in fattening pork might be more profitably fed to cows. The well-fed pig rejects the soft green cob, which in this stage has a good deal of nutriment. His digestion, contrary to popular belief, is not as good as that of the cow. Give the fattening pig a greater variety of food, and he will not only thrive better but make more healthful, if not quite so fat, pork. The corn judiciously fed to milch cows will give far better returns, keeping them from growing poor, as cows are apt to do at this season when not given extra feed.

PROTECTING PEACH BUDS.

So many places are just on the line where cold destroys their buds, that some means of protection may often be used with advantage. Wisps of straw bound around the branches, including of course the twigs, are some help in warding off severe winds. But if the severe cold continues these are not enough. After the straw is put on, spraying with water frow a force pump will cover the tree with a coating of ice that will effectually protect it. Possibly spraying the trees two or three times in a Winter, at a very trifling expense, will save this fruit, when without this precaution it would certainly be destroyed.

MAKING FALL PIPPINS PROLIFIC.

The Pippin, though the very best and richest cooking apple, and good also for eating raw, is liable to be left out of orchards for market on account of its unproductiveness. There is a reason for this habit of shy bearing, and it is to be found in a lack of thorough manuring. While the Pippin tree is young it may be over-manured; but after it once gets into bearing this is almost impossible. Nature cannot make so good and rich an apple as the Pippin out of air and water. Give her plenty of barnyard manures, potash and phosphate, and the Pippin tree, if not as great a bearer as the Greening, will yet bear crops that will fairly pay to grow. To those who sell to shippers the Pippin is not a desirable fruit. It rarely keeps under favorable circumstances later than January. But in every city there are men who know its superiority and who are willing to pay the extra price it costs to grow this variety.

EASILY-DIGGESTED APPLES.

To that large class of unfortunate people who have painfully learned that they have a stomach, it may be interesting to know that some varieties of apples are much harder of digestion than others. The very richest solid-meated apples are usually rather hard of digestion. Sweet apples generally under this category, as even when cooked they are tough and leathery. The Spitzenberg when eaten raw is high flavored, but unless throughly chewed weighs like lead on delicate stomachs. So, too, in less degree are the Baldwin, Russet and King apple. The Fameuse, or Snow apple, is entirely different. It is neither rich nor high flavored, but has a pleasant taste, and when well ripened and held in the mouth its pulp dissolves without chewing. It can be eaten with satisfaction and with comfort afterwards by people having poor teeth. To this fact and to its handsome appearance it owes much of its popularity.

FUEL FOR WINTER.

A party of vigilants out in Indiana have been visiting men too lazy and shiftless to provide food and fuel for their families. One of them has been visited twice, beaten each time, and obliged to work all night hauling wood to his home, hitched like a horse between the shafts of a pretty heavily loaded cart. This is pretty rough usage, but who shall say it is not deserved? The civilized way is for public sentiment to gently incite the lazy to greater efficiency in these necessary provisions for their own households; but some men are not amenable to these influences, and can only be brought to do their duty by a sound clubbing. Of course it is assumed that readers of this paper are sufficiently civilized so that no further hint will be necessary regarding this subject than is contained in this paragraph. If any are delinquent in this respect, they will probably amend their ways if wife or neighbors hand them a marked copy of this item to read.

TIME WHEN FRUIT IS BEST.

Every kind of apples or other fruit has its period of greatest excellence. With most varieties this time is a short one. He who would get most enjoyment out of his fruit must be well posted as to its characteristics. The Baldwin to our taste is usually dry, coarse and poor, but there is about a week or ten days in the history of each well-grown specimen when it becomes really juicy and good. The Greening is pretty steadily good until it rots. The Northern Spy is only good towards Spring, except sometimes in long late Falls it ripens before its proper time. It is then a poor keeper. While hard and unripe, though fully colored, it has little of the high flavor which it afterward acquires. It is one of the many varieties that ripen best in the barrel, and it is good even after rot has attacked one side, some even think it then the best. It is evident then that its period of excellence is not a long one. But by understanding the peculiarities of different varieties, and keeping some in cold storage and others warmer, different lots may be brought on in succession, and the period when the fruit is at its best may thus be protracted indefinitely.

"HEELING IN" TREES.

The pratice of Fall buying trees for Spring planting is a good one, not alone for the reason sometimes urged, that the nurseryman's stocks are now full, and he can give more time and care to filling orders than in the hurry when Spring business comes. The trees bought now should not be planted so late in the season. Take them to some place sheltered from winds and where the snow is not likely to be either drifted or blown off. Then dig a long hole coming to the surface at one end and bury the trees, packing the earth securely around and between the roots and leaving only a little of the top exposed. This is technically called "heeling in" trees. Its advantages are that the tree is placed in much more favorable condition for growing than it could be exposed to sweeping winds during Winter. Its broken or cut roots callous over, and by the time Spring opens they are ready to emit new fibres, while the vitality of the tree has been scarcely exhausted at all. If we had trees of any kind set out this Fall we should prefer to dig them up, heel in and reset in the Spring. The more vigorous growth they would then make will more than pay the extra expense of this digging up and resetting.

Dull Times in Dakota.

"How are matters in Dakota now?" asked a man at the Nicollet house of a resident of the southern part of the territory.

"Rather quiet just now."

"Bottom dropped out?"

"Not by a long shot."

"What's the matter then?"

"I guess you don't understand what we mean when we say it's quiet in Dakota. Our real-estate transfers reach $500,000 a week, twenty new business blocks are in progress, and a cyclone sailing along the other day."

"And yet you say it's dull?"

"Yes, its pretty quiet for all that."

"What makes you call it dull?"

"Well, you see, we've only had one massmeeting to discuss division this week, and the town seems so like a cemetery that I had to get away."—*Minneapolis Journal.*

Water All Right.

Bobby and his mother were taking luncheon with Mrs. Hobson. Bobby was on his good behavior and was doing well.

"Mrs. Hobson," he said in a very polite manner for so little a boy, "you've had some trouble with the water in your house, havn't you?"

"No, Bobby," was Mrs. Hobson's reply, "what causes you to think that?"

"I heard pa say something about Mr. Hobson's tank getting too full the toher night."—*Texas Siftings.*

It is not every bicycle rider who can lower the record, but it is a poor bicycle that cannot lower the rider.

The only man that seems to thrive on procrastination is the one that owes his tailor.

THE GOSPEL OF HEALTH.

THE REV. DR. TALMAGE'S WORDS OF SOUND ADVICE.

Christianity's Great Dependence on Perfect Physical Organizations Pointed Out—A Diseased Liver's Bad Influence—Melancholy Not Due to Wrong Actions in all Cases—One Noble Kind of Sickness—The Surest and Only Way to Prevent Life's Worst Miseries from Dragging Mortals Down—Warnings and Encouragements.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 20.—The Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D. D., opened the service at the tabernacle this morning by giving out the hymn beginning:

Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest naught can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

He then explained a passage in the gospel of St. Matthew, concerning the inferior kind of salt cast out to make walks of, to be trodden under the foot of men. The subject of the discourse was: "The Gospel of Health," and the text from Proverbs vii, 23: "Till a dart strike through his liver." He said:

There is a fashion in sermonics. A comparatively small part of the Bible is called on for texts. Most of the passages of Scripture, when announced at the opening of sermons, immediately divide themselves into old discussions that we have heard from boyhood, and the effect on us is soporific. The auditor guesses at the start just what the preacher will say. There are very important chapters and verses that have never been preached from. Much of my lifetime I am devoting to unlocking these gold chests and blasting open these quarries. We talk about the heart, and preach about the heart, and sing about the heart, but if you refer to the physical organ we call the heart, it has not half so much to do with spiritual health or disease, moral exaltation or spiritual depression, as the organ to the consideration of which Solomon calls us in the text, when he describes sin progressing "till a dart strike through his liver."

SOLOMON'S GREAT WISDOM.

Solomon's anatomical and physiological discoveries were so very great that he was nearly three thousand years ahead of the scientists of his day. He, more than one thousand years before Christ, seemed to know about the circulation of the blood, which Harvey discovered sixteen hundred and nineteen years after Christ, for when Solomon in Ecclesiastes, describing the human body, speaks of the pitcher at the fountain he evidently means the three canals leading from the heart that receive the blood like pitchers. When he speaks in Ecclesiastes of the silver cord of life he evidently means the spinal marrow, about which in our day Drs. Mayo and Carpenter and Dalton and Flint and Brown-Sequard have experimented. And Solomon recorded in the Bible thousands of years before scientists discovered it that in his time the spinal cord relaxed in old age, producing the tremors of hand and head: "Or the silver cord be loosed."

In the text he reveals the fact that he had studied that largest gland of the human system, the liver, not by the electric light of the modern dissecting room, but by the dim light of a comparatively dark age, and yet had seen its important function in the God-built castle of the human body, its selecting and secreting power, its curious cells, its elongated, branching tubes, a divine workmanship in central and right and left lobe, and the hepatic artery through which God conducts the crimson tides. O, this vital organ is like the eye of God in that it never sleeps. Solomon knew of it and had noticed either in vivisection or post mortem what awful attacks sin and dissipation make upon it, until with the fiat of Almighty God it bids the body and soul separate, and the one it commands to the grave and the other it sends to judgement. A javalin of retribution, not glancing off or making a slight wound, but piercing it from side to side "till the dart strike through the liver." Galen and Hippocrates ascribe to the most of the world's moral depression, and the word melancholy means black bile.

TWO MIGHTY FORTRESSES.

I preach to you this morning the gospel of health. In taking diagnosis of the diseases of the soul you must also take the diagnosis of the diseases of the body. As if to recognize this, one whole book of the New Testament was written by a physician. Luke was a doctor, and he discourses much of physical effects, and he tells of good Samaritan's medication of the wounds by pouring in oil and wine, and recognizes hunger as a hindrance to hearing the Gospel, so that the five thousand were fed; and records the sparse diet of the prodigal away from home, and the extinguished eyesight of the beggar by the wayside, and lets us know of the hemorrhage of the wounds of the dying Christ and the miraculous post mortem resuscitation. And any estimate of the spiritual condition that does not include also an estimate of the physical condition is incomplete. When the doorkeeper of congress fell dead from excessive joy because Burgoyne had surrendered at Saratoga, and Philip V. of Spain dropped dead at the news of his country's defeat in battle, and Cardinal Wolsey expired as a result of Henry VIII.'s anathema, it was demonstrated that the body and soul are Siamese twins, and when you thrill the one with joy or sorrow you thrill the other. We might as well recognize the tremendous fact that there are two mighty fortresses in the human body, the heart and the liver; the heart, the fortress of all the graces, the liver the fortress of all the furies. You may have the head filled with all intellectualities, and the ear with all musical appreciation, and the mouth with all eloquence, and the hand with all industries, and the heart with all generosities, and yet "a dart strike through the liver."

MELANCHOLY BUT HUMAN.

First, let Christian people avoid the mistake that they are all wrong with God because they suffer from depression of spirits. Many a consecrated man has found his spiritual sky befogged, and his hope of heaven blotted out, and himself plunged chin deep in the slough of despond, and has said: "My heart is not right with God, and I think I must have made a mistake, and instead of being a child of light I am a child of darkness. No one can feel as gloomy as I feel and be a Christian." And he has gone to his minister for consolation, and he has collected Flavel's books, and Cecil's books, and Baxter's books, and read and read, and prayed and prayed and prayed, and wept and wept and wept, and groaned and groaned and groaned. My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastaric disorder or a rebellion of the liver. You need a physician more than you do a clergyman. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile. It not only yellows your eyeball and furs your tongue and makes your head ache, but swoops upon your soul in dejections and forebodings. The devil is after you. He has failed to despoil your character and he does the next best thing for him—he ruffles your peace of mind. When he says that you are not a forgiven soul, when he says that you are not right with God, when he says that you will never get to heaven, he lies. You are just as sure of heaven as though you were there already. But Satan, finding that he can not keep you out of the promised land of Canaan, has determined that the spies shall not bring you any of the Eschol grapes beforehand, and that you shall have nothing but prickly pear and crab-apple. You are just as good now under the clouds as you were when you were accustomed to rise in the morning at 5 o'clock to pray and sing "Hallelujah, 'tis done!"

NO TWO VIEWS ALIKE.

My friend, the Rev. Dr. Joseph H. Jones, of Philadelphia, a translated spirit now, wrote a book entitled "Man, Moral and Physical," in which he shows how different the same things may appear to different people. He says: "After the great battle on the Mincio in 1859, between the French and Sardinians on the one side and the Austrians on the other, so disastrous to the latter, the defeated army retreated followed by the victors. A description of the march of each army is given by two correspondents of the London *Times*, one of whom traveled with the successful host, the other with the defeated. The difference in views and statements of the same place, scenes and events is remarkable. The former are said to be marching through a beautiful and luxurant country during the day, and at night encamping where they are supplied with an abundance of the best provisions, and all sorts of rural dainties. There is nothing of war about the proceeding except its stimulus and excitement. On the side of the poor Austrian it is just the reverse. In his letter of the same date, describing the same place and a march over the same road, the writer can scarcely find words to set forth the suffering, impatience and disgust existing around him. What was pleasant to the former was intolerable to the latter. What made all this difference? asks the journalist. 'One condition only: The French are victorious, the Austrians have been defeated. The contrast may convey a distinctive idea of the extent to which moral impressions affect the efficiency of the soldier.'" So, my dear brother, the road you are traveling is the same you have been traveling a long while, but the difference between your physical conditions make it look different, and, therefore, the two reports you have given of yourself are as widely different as the reports in the London *Times* from the two correspondents.

BODY AND SOUL INTIMATE.

Edward Payson was sometimes so far up on the mount that it seemed as if the centripetal force of the earth could no longer hold him, sometimes through a physical disorder was so far down that it seemed as if the nether world would clutch him. Glorious William Cowper was as good as good could be, and will be loved in the Christian church as long as it sings his hymn beginning: "There is a fountain filled with blood," and his hymn beginning: "O, for a closer walk with God," and his hymn beginning: "What various hindrances we meet," and his hymn beginning: "God moves in a mysterious way." Yet so was he overcome of melancholy, or black bile, that it was only through the mistake of the cab-driver who took him to a wrong place, instead of the river bank that he did not commit suicide.

Spiritual condition so mightily affected by the physical state—what a great opportunity this gives to the Christian physician, for he can feel at the same time both the pulse of the body and the pulse of the soul, and he can administer to both at once, and if medicine is needed he can give that, as if spiritual counsel is needed he can give that—an earthly and a divine prescription at the same time—and call on not only the apothecary of earth, but the pharmacy of heaven. Ah, that is the kind of doctor I want at my bedside when I get sick—one that can not only count out the right number of drops, but who can also pray. That is the kind of doctor I have had in my house when sickness or death came. I do not want any of your profligate or atheistic doctors around my loved ones when the balances of life are trembling. A doctor who has gone through the medical college, and in dissecting room has traversed the wonders of the human mechanism, and found no God in any of the labyrinths, is a fool, and cannot doctor me or mine.

CHRISTIAN DOCTO S PRAISED.

But, O, the Christian doctors! What comfort they have been in many of out households. And they ought to have a warm place in our prayers, as well as praise on our tongues. Dear old Dr. Skillman! My father's doctor, my mother's doctor, in the village home. He carried all the confidence of all the families for ten miles around. We all felt better as soon as we saw him enter the house. His face pronounced a beatitude before he said a word. He welcomed all of us children into life, and he closed the old people's eyes when they entered the last slumber. I think I know what Christ said to him when the old doctor got through his work. I think he was greeted with the words: 'Come in, doctor, I was sick and ye visited me!" I bless God that the number of Christian physicians is multiplying, and some of the students of the medical colleges are here to-day, and I hail you, and I bless you, and I ordain you to the tender, beautiful, heaven descended work of a Christian physician, and when you take your diploma from the Long Island medical college, to look after the perishable body, be sure also to get a diploma from the skies to look after the imperishable soul. Let all Christian physicians unite with ministers of the gospel in persuading good people that it is not because God is against them that they sometimes feel depressed, but because of their diseased body. I suppose David, the psalmist, was no more pious when he called on everything human and angelic, animate and inanimate, and from snowflake to hurricane, to praise God than when he said: "Out of the depths of hell have I cried unto Thee, O Lord," or that Jeremiah was any better when he wrote his prophecy than when he wrote his "Lamentations," or that Job was any better when he said: "I know that my redeemer liveth," than when covered all over with the pustules of elephantiasis he sat in the ashes scratching the scabs off, with a broken piece of pottery; or that Alexander Cruden, the concordist, was any better man when he compiled the book that has helped ten thousand students of the Bible, than when under the power of physical disorder he was handcuffed and straight-waistcoated in Bethnal Green insane asylum.

NOT ALL IN SOUND HEALTH.

"O," says some Christian man, "no one ought to allow physical disorder to depress his soul. He ought to live so near to God as to be always in the sunshine." Yes, that is good advice; but I warrant that you, the man who gives the advice, have a sound liver. Thank God every day for healthful hepatic condition, for just as certainly as you lose it, you will some time like David, and like Jeremia, and like Cowper, and like Alexander Cruden, and like ten thousand other invalids, be playing a dead march on the same organ with which now you play a toccato. My object at this point is not only to emolliate the criticisms of the well against those in poor health, but to show Christian people who are atrabilarious what is the matter with them. Do not charge against the heart the crimes of another portion of your organism. Do not conclude that bee use the path of heaven is not arbored with as fine a foliage or the banks beautifully snowed under with exquisite chrysanthemums as once, that therefore you are on the wrong road. The road will bring you out at the same gate whether you walk with the stride of an athlete or come up on crutches. Thousands of Christians morbid about their experiences and morbid about their business, and morbid about the future, need the sermon I am now preaching.

Another practical use of this subject is for the young. The theory is abroad that they must first sow their wild oats, an afterwards Michigan wheat. Let me break the delusion. Wild oats are generally sown in the liver, and they can never be pulled up. They so preoccupy that organ that there is no room for the implantation of a righteous crop. You see aged men about us at 80, erect, agile, splendid, grand old men. How much wild oats did they sow between 18 years and 30? None absolutly none.

DISSIPATION'S DIRE EFFECTS.

God does not very often honor with old age those who have in early life sacrificed swine on the alter of the bodily temple. Remember, O young man, that while in after life, and after years of dissipation you may perhaps have your heart changed, religion does not change the liver. Trembling and staggering along these streets to-day are men, all bent and decayed, and permanently old for the reason that they are paying for liens they put upon their physical estate before they were 30. By early dissipation they put on their body a first mortgage, and a second mortgage, and a third mortgage to the devil, and these mortgages are now being foreclosed, and all that remains of their earthly estate the undertaker will soon put out of sight. Many years ago, in fulfillment of my text, a dart struck through their liver, and it is there yet. God forgives, but outraged physical law never, never, never. That has a Sinai, but no Calvary. Solomon in my text knew what he was talking about. He had in early life been a profligate, and he rises up on his throne of worldly splendor to shriek out a warning to all the centuries. David, bad in early life, but good in later life, cries out with an agony of earnestness: "Remember not the sins of my youth."

Stephen A. Douglas gave the name of "squatter sovereignty" to those who went out west and took possession of lands and held them by right of preoccupation. Let a flock of sins settle on your heart before you get to 25 years of age, and they will in all probability keep possession of it by an infernal squatter sovereignty. "I promise to pay at the bank $500 six months from date," says the promissory note. "I promise to pay my life thirty years from date at the bank of the grave," says every infractian of the laws of your physical being.

ONLY ONE SURE ESCAPE.

What? Will a man's body never completely recover from early dissipation in this world? Never. How about the world to come? Perhaps God will fix it up in the resurrection body so that it will not have to go limping through all eternity; but get the liver thoroughly damaged and it will stay damaged. Physicians call it cancer of the liver, or hardening of the liver, or cirrhosis of the liver, or inflammation of the liver, or fatty degeneration of the liver, but Solomon puts all these pangs into one figure and says: "Till the dart strikes through his liver."

Hesiod seemed to have some hint of this when he represented Prometheus for his crimes fastened to a pillar and an eagle feeding on his liver, which was renewed again each night, so that the devouring went on until finally Hercules slew the eagle and rescued Prometheus. And a dissipated early life assures a ferocity pecking away and clawing away at the liver year in and year out, and death is the only Hercules who can break the power of its beak or unclench its claw. So also Virgil and Homer wrote fables about vultures preying upon the liver, but there are those here to-day with whom it is no fable, but a terrific reality.

That young man smoking cigarettes and smoking cigars has no idea that he is getting for himself smoked liver. That young man has no idea that he has by early dissipation so depleted his enegies that he will go into the battle only half armed. Napoleon lost Waterloo days before it was fought. Had he attacked the English army before it was reinforced, and taken it division by division, he might have won the day; but he waited until he had only 100,000 men against 200,000. And here is a young man who, if he put all his forces against the regiment of youthful temptations, in the strength of God he might drive them back; but he is allowing them to be reinforced by the whole army of midlife temptations, and when all these combined forces are massed against him and no Grouchy comes to help him and Blucher has come to help his foes, what but immortal defeat can await him?

DAMAGES DONE FOR LIFE.

O, my young brother, do not make the mistake that thousands all around you are making, in opening the battle against sin too late—for this world be too late, and for the world to come too late. What brings that express train from St. Louis into Jersey City three hours late? They lost fifteen minutes early on the route, and that affected them all the way, and they had to be switched off here and switched off there, and detained here and detained there, and man who loses time and strength in the earlier part of the journey of life will suffer for it all the way through, the first twenty years of life damaging the following fifty years.

Some years ago a scientific lecturer went through the country exhibiting on a great canvas different parts of the human body when healthy, the different parts when diseased. And what the world wants now is some eloquent scientist to go through the country showing to our young people on blazing canvas the drunkard's liver, the idler's liver, the libertine's liver, the gamblers liver. Perhaps the spectacle might stop some young man before he comes to the same catastrophe, and the dart strike through his own liver.

ONE NOBLE KIND OF SICKNESS.

There is a kind of sickness that is beautiful when it comes from overwork for God, or one's country or one's own family. I have seen wounds that were glorious. After the battle of Antietam in the hospital a soldier in reply to my question, "Where are you hurt?" uncovered his bosom and showed me a gash that looked like a badge of eternal nobility. I have seen an empty sleeve that was more beautiful than the most muscular forearm. I have seen a green shade over the eye shot out in battle that was more beautiful than any two eyes that had passed without injury. I have seen an old missionary worn out with the malaria of African jungles who looked to me more radiant than a rubicund gymnast. I have seen a mother after six weeks' watching over a family of children down with scarlet fever with a glory around her pale and wan face that surpassed the angelic. It all depends on how you got your sickness and in what battle your wounds. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen, the pride of New Jersey, aye, of the nation, and one of the pillars of the Christian church, and for nearly four years practically president of the United States, although in the office of secretary of state, in his determination to make peace with all the governments on this American continent, wore himself out, and while his brain was as keen as it ever was, and his heart beat as regularly as it ever did, he was, according to the bulletin of his physicians at Washington and Newark, dying of hardening of the liver. Satan, who does not like good men, sent a dart through his liver. The last my dear friend—for he was my friend and my father's friend before me—the last he was seen in Washington was in the president's carriage leaning his head against the shoulder of the president on his way to the depot to take the train to go home to die. Martyr of the public service, he died for his country though he died in time of peace. In his earlier life he was called the nephew of his uncle, Theodore Frelinghuysen, but he lived to render for God and his country a service that will make others proud to be his nephew, and will keep his name on the scroll of history as the highest style of Christian statesman that this century or any other century has produced.

ONE SURE PREVENTION.

My Lord and my God! if we must get sick and worn out, let it be in thy service and in the effort to make the world good and happy. Not in the service of sin. No! No! One of the most pathetic scenes that I ever witness and I often see it, is that of men or women converted in the fifties or sixties or seventies wanting to be useful, but they so served the world and Satan in the earlier part of their life that they have no physical energy left for the service of God. They sacrificed nerves, muscles, lungs, heart and liver on the wrong alter. They fought on the wrong side, and now, when their sword is all hacked up and their ammunition all gone, they enlist for Emmanuel. When the high-mettled cavalry horse, which that man spurred into many a cavalry charge with champing bit and flaming eye and neck clothed with thunder, is worn out and spavined and ring-boned and springhalt he rides up to the great captain of our salvation on the white horse and offers his services. When such persons might have been through the good habits of a lifetime crashing the battle ax through helmeted iniquities, they are spending their days and nights in discussing the best way of breaking up their indigestion and quieting their jangling nerves, and rousing their laggard appetite, and trying to extract the dart from their outraged liver. Better converted late than never. Oh, yes; for they will get to heaven. But they will go afoot when they might have wheeled up the steep hills of the sky in Elijah's chariot. There is an old hymn that we used to sing in the country meeting house when I was a boy, and I remember how the old folk's voices trembled with emotion while they sang it. I have forgotten all but two lines, but those lines are the peroration of my serman:

'Twill save us from a thousand snares
To mind religion young.

A Wayside Prophet.

While riding in a buggy through the country in Northern Ohio a few days ago, we noticed that fences and bridges were adorned with various mottoes, painted in large letters, and calculated to arrest the eye of the spiritully indifferent. On the fence at a certain cross-road was prnited "Prepare to meet thy God," and "Eternal life is free." On a stone abutment of a bridge appeared the startling injunction, "Repent or go to hell." Other mottoes at different places were, "Repent, you wicked sinner," "Watch and pray," and "Let your light shine." On inquiry we learned that this is the work of a zealous old gentleman, who drives about in a canvas-covered wagon spreading as he belives, the gospel of the righteousness. There can be no doubt that some soul is startled occasionally out of its lethargy by a sight of one of these sentences. The farmer, driving his load of produce to the city, thinking of nothing but the state of the market, may be suddenly reminded that there are things above the sale of corn and potatoes. The butcher, driving his cattle to the slaughter house, may suddenly recollect that souls, as well as bodies, must have food. The careless pedestrian, sauntering along, thoughtless of any save material wants may be disagreeabfy confronted by the thought of spiritual needs. The comfortable man of the world, satisfied with his surroundings, in time may be forceibly reminded of an existence in eternity, wherein worldy goods confer no comfort. The sensualist, the drunkard, the robber and opressor may be sometimes brought up standing by one of these wayside sermons. Scoffing will not obliterate the impression. The letters burn on the brain. Like an accusing spirit they follow the man, and will not down at his bidding. When he would laugh, they silence his mirth. He sees them in the bottom of the "social glass." They transform the faces of his former boon companions, and make them hideous. The seed sown by the wayside has taken root, and sometime must bear fruit in character. Such a work may these sentences on fence and stone perform. And if but one soul be made better the patient painter will be rewarded.

Many may laugh at his zealous attempts to reform the world by printing his gospel on a board by the roadside; but is it more sensible to print it in a book? This man has put his message where he who runs may read. It will not be silenced, nor could any prophet scream louder. The flowers by the roadside speak the same, but men cannot hear their vocies. Cloud and sunlight, brook and meadow paint these same words, but men are blind to these—they do not heed them. And so this wayside prophet goes forth to paint in characters which still mean something to human-eyes (though even these are fast becoming meaningless) the gosple of righteousness. Do not call him over zealous, nor enthusiast. He recognizes the needs of the hour and the blindness of men, and he conforms his conduct to these. When men can read the higher Scriptures his brush will not be needed. But when that time comes many pens will lose employment, and the hum of printing presses will be diminished.—*Solon Lauer, in Unity.*

Poultry Chats.

One bushel and twelve quarts of ground corn or its equivalent will keep a fowl a year. The average hens will lay about ten dozen eggs in a year, which selling at an average of 18 cents per dozed would make $1.80, deducting 50 cents for the grain would leave a profit of $1.30 on each hen, which is a reasonable estimate.

When chickens sleep, droop, fall away and die, the only thing to do is to burn your chicken coops. They are full of coop lice, which are each night drawing the blood from your chickens and harassing the life out of them. If your coops are old, worn out things, burn them. Remove your chickens to clean new quarters, and feed them on meat and vegetable diet till they recover.

Leghorns will lay on an average from 150 to 200 eggs in a year. Different strains vary greatly in this matter according as they have been bred. If eggs from extra good layers are used for setting, the laying qualities of any breed can be greatly increased. A non-setting breed of fowls cannot be induced to sit. If there is occasionally a hen showing this disposition, she may sit her time out but will be more likely to forsake her nest after a few day's trial. If she should happen to bring off chicks her natural nervousness will unfit her for the good care of her brood and will probably not be a success.

Crocked breast bones are sometimes caused by fowls roosting on small perches or on the limbs of trees while the birds are half grown and the bones naturally soft and pliable. But this is not the only cause. There may be crocked bones in a proportionate number of your young birds, even when the chickens have been kept in a room where there are no perches, and no posts whatever are supplied them. Occasionally they are found among water fowls where nothing in the form of a perch is ever though of. We cannot attribute it to any one or two causes for it is prevalent among all poultry.

Avoid the mistake of forcing your breeding stock too hard during the winter months. Raising eggs simply for marketing, it is wise to obtain all the eggs you can when they command the highest price. Your poultry yard should be regarded as an egg factory and the hens your machines and the point you should not overlook, would be to keep them in such condition, by proper diet, as to make them lay freely. There is a good deal in making your selection from the young birds at this season for usefulness in the colder weather, which will soon be upon us. Select birds bred from good laying stock at all times and if it is eggs you want you must make a note of the excellence of each individual bird and its progeny will be apt to be its equal or better when the time arrives for its work as a layer. —*Practical Farmer.*

Prize Essay on Skating.

Skating is not confined to any country; you may see skaters in Canada, in Germany, in England, and in the United States, and it is a peculiar fact that wherever skating is a favorite pastime, the demand for arnica is greater than the supply. Although not confined to any country, skating is confined to a season; very few people skate in the summer; about July the exercise is slightly laborious, and is abandoned for the more congenial pastime of robbing orchards. The first thing to do when about to skate, is to hunt up some ice; a person may attempt to skate on rail fences, but ice is always the best; it is necessary to test the thickness of the ice; this may be done by skating into an air-hole; we tried that plan once, and it succeeded admirably; we had to borrow money though for the next year to keep us in tar-drops and lung balsam.

History says that a man once saved his life by wearing skates; he had been on a journey to a settlement twenty miles away and skated the distance on the bosom of a river; when returning he was pursued by wolves, but his knowledge of skating enabled him to get away from them. Thus, we see that we should always wear skates, as we are liable to be attacked by wolves at any moment and where there is no tree to climb, it is best to have a good pair of skates, for, although hurry is the mark of a weak mind, it isn't always healthy to remain inactive when there's a baker's dozen of wolves trying to dissect a man.

Skating is gradually going out of favor, for the reason that ice cannot be obtained for less than 1-2 cent a pound, and those who have tried it say that there isn't much enjoyment in trying to skate in the midst of a sand bank, or on the ties of a street railway.—*St. Louis Magazine.*

Liberty in the Very Air.

American—As you are a native of Canada I suppose you think that country is all right, but for my part I should hate most awfully to be a subject of a queen.

Canadian—The queen is a mere figure head; there is no difference at all between Canada and the United States.

"Cme to think I believe you do have elections there."

"I should say we did. We have elections and campaigns, and political parties and bosses, and ringsters, and boodlers, and—"

"Boodlers?"

"Plenty of 'em."

"Well! well! Why, you are freemen just like us."

A Feature Lacking.

A countryman meandering over the Brooklyn bridge thus accosted a policeman:

"Where's the sign ?"

"What sign? No sings allowed on his bridge."

"Well, it's the fust bridge I ever see where they didn't tax a feller $5 fine fer ridin' or drivin' acrost it faster'n a walk."—*The Epoch.*

ANCIENT IRRIGATION.

The Old Kings Who Dug Fertilizing Canals in the Euphrates Valley Four Thousand Years Ago.

Babylonia was indeed a land of rivers, owing to its existence to the two streams which flowed through it, year by year adding to its growth by the deposit of rich alluvial soil. The early occupants of the land recognized their debt to these fertilizing waters, and their gratitude found expression in the names which they gave to some of them. The slow Euphrates, which year by year rose to spread its broad floods of water over the fields, was called the "Life of the Land," the sister-stream derived its name of "The Rusher" from its narrow and more rapid course. To other rivers which can not now be identified such names as "The Mother of Canals," "The River Flowing with Abundance," "The Crystal River," and other such names were given. Ea, the old culture god of Eridhu, the god of the ocean, became "The God of the Rivers," and especially of the Euphrates, and Rimman the ram-god bore the title of "The One Who Causes the Floods to Flow in the Canals." By these canals a network of fertilizing streams was spread through town and village, garden and field.

How early this work commenced we do not know, but it must have been in prehistoric days, for among the most ancient of the cuneiform characters we find the ideographic sign for the canal, and in the hymns of the primitive religous schools of Eridhu, which reach back beyond the forth millennium before the Christian era, canals are mentioned. Indeed, like the rivers, they were sacred, and prayers were offered to them as to the greater Tigris and Euphrates. A portion of one of these hymns is preserved in a fragmentary tablet discovered by Prof. Sayce. "Thou canal, I have made thee! In the day when I dug thee, then the great gods were beside thy bank, and Ea, the king of the deep, had created blessings within thy heart, and he presented his flood before thee. O thou mighty river, supreme are thy members (streams). That which is evil in my body, in thy cannel erase it and bear it with thy stream. May I glorify that which is made. May I exalt thy spring." This small fragment suffices to prove that in Babylonia, as in China and Egypt, the construction of canals was regarded as a pious act, and under the protection and blessing of the gods. Proof of this in historic times is afforded by inscriptions discovered by Mr. Hormuzd Rassam during his excavations in Babylonia. In about the year B. C. 2150 the throne of Babylon was seized by a Kassite or Kossean prince named Khammurabi, who, during his reign of fifty years, succeeded, as he says in his inscriptions, in "building the land"—that is, uniting together the scattered and independent states into one, with Babylon as capital. This prince, like Urbahu (B. C. 4000) before him and the great Nebuchadnezzar, not only rebuilt the empire, but directed his attention to the repair of ruined temples, palaces, and public works; and his records are found in many of the ancient cities. Among the inscriptions of this monarch found by Mr. Rassam is one of which we have five copies—two written in the still surviving Sumerian or Turannian language, and three in the Semitic dialect of North Babylonia, which was fast becoming the national tongue. These inscriptions were found in the ruins of the sun-god, and relate to the king's restoration of the temple and other public works. In the text the king says: "I am Khammurabi, the mighty king, king of Babylon, king of four quarters, builder of the land, the king of whose deeds are pleasing to the glory of Shamas and Merodach. The tower (observatory) of Sippara, with heaps of earth like (unto) the high hills, its summit I raised, and with a rampart I encircled it. The canal of Sippara to Sippara I dug, and with double banks I regulated it." In closing this inscription he says: "Since far distant days that which each king among the kings of the city had not done for Shamas, my lord, magnificently I did." The great public work here referred to is evidently the same as that described on the clay tablet in the Louvre, which is somewhat longer. The king there says: "The river of Khammurabi, the benefactor of men, pouring out the waters of fertility for the men of Sumir and Akkad, I dug. Its complete course of fertilization I restored, the two banks I prolonged, and perennial streams for the people of Sumir and Akkad I appointed, and for irrigation and drinking waters I appointed them." Although in the first inscription Khammurabi claims to be the founder of this canal, it seems from the second text that he was only a restorter of a work which had been in existence in former times. Clearly, however, it indicates a shifting of the bed of the Euphrates westward, for at one time that river had washed the walls of the city of Sippara of the Sun, and was itself called the river of Sippara. That such shiftings of the river's bed did take place we have clear testimony for Mr. Rassam has found an inscription relating to this canal which mentions such a change. More than fifteen centuries later on, between the years B. C. 625-606, there was placed in the temple a cylender inscription written by order of Nabupalassar, the Assyrio-Babylonian general (who had usurped the throne of Babylon and founded the new Babylonian empire), recording his restorations of the temple and the city. Regarding the canal he makes the following statement: "From Sippara, the holy city beloved of Samas and Ai, the river Euphrates had removed itself. I, the favorite of their highness, the waters of its course restored. I, Nebupalassar, holy and submissive, worshiping the great gods, the canal Sippara there caused to be excavated. Skillfully-make water-stores for Shamas my lord, there I constructed. The channel of that canal with bitumen and brick I regulated, and to Shamas, my lord protecting banks I established." This inscription proves that during the fifteen centuries which had elapsed between the two inscriptions the Euphrates had changed its course. The decay or silting-up of canals and the shifting of open river-courses was not uncommon in Babylonia, as there are many inscriptions to prove. Thus in contrast we have the "old canal of Cutha" spoken of in contradistinction to the new canal of Cutha, which was of more recent construction. The Babylonian canals were splendid pieces of work, and displayed great engineering skill; many which were made centuries before the Christian era have been in use to the present day. The canal of Khammurabi is probably the modern Yussifieh, which passes close to Sippara, and, joining other canals, reaches across to the Tigris. The canal of Cutha is probably the Hubl Ibrahim, still called the Nar Kute, or "River of Cutha;" while the Hubl es-Sook, the Shat-el-Hie, the Hindiyeh canal, are all island waterways, still partially in use, which had their origin long before the days of Nebuchadnezzar. The provinces of Baghdad and Busra are still rich under the rule of the Turk; but were that rule relaxed and the taxes on irrigation and cultivation removed, the old brick-lined canals might soon be cleared of the debris which fill them, and once more the "waters of Babylon" might transform the whole region into the "garden of the gods."—*St. James's Gazette.*

What Salt is Good For.

When you give your cellar its spring cleaning add a little copperas water and salt to the whitewash.

Sprinkling salt on the tops and at the bottoms of garden walls is said to keep snails from climbing up and down.

For relief from heartburn or dyspepsia, drink a little cold water in which has been dissolved a teaspoonful of salt.

Ink stains on linen can be taken out if the stain is first washed in strong salt and water and then sponged with lemon juice.

In a basin of water, salt, of course, falls to the bottom; so never soak salt fish with the skin side down, as the salt will fall to the skin and remain there.

For stains on the hands, nothing is better than a little salt, with enough lemon juice to moisten it, rubbed on the spots and then washed off in clear water.

For weeds in pavement or gravel walks, make a strong brine of coarse salt and boiling water; put the brine in a sprinkling can and water the weeds thoroughly, being careful not to let any of the brine get on the grass, or it will kill it too.

If a chimney or flue catch on fire, close all windows and doors first, then hang a blanket in front of the grate to exclude all air. Water should never be poured down the chimney, as it spoils the carpets. Coarse salt thrown down the flue is much better.

The very simple remedy of common salt has cured many cases of fever and ague. A teaspoonful taken in water, and a teaspoonful deposited in each stocking, next to the foot, as the chill is coming on. This comprises the whole of the treatment.

No More Light Wanted.

A debate arose the other day in a group of Boston society women who had been discussing a certain code of etiquet whether it was ignorance or bad breeding, or the reverse, on the part of a visitor to open the window or raise the window-shade of the room into which he or she had been ushered. One lady thought such an interference the height of rudeness; another was inclined to excuse the act on the plea that the person might be faint or blind, and a third bluntly declared that should she come into her own drawing-room or elsewhere in her house and find a visitor had taken such a liberty, she would turn on her heel and instantly leave the room! The discussion was reaching a warmer point when a small person who had been intently nursing her doll in the corner of a sofa lifted up her head and said: "O yes; I know why mamma wants to keep the curtains down." "And why is it, darling?" asked an injudicious guest. "Because she says the light is bad for her make-up." [Tableau.] Edith is dispatched to the nursery, and the ladies are requested to prove for themselves if there is any "make-up" about the peaches and cream of that young matron's beautiful complexion.

Wanted a Writ.

A man entered a lawyer's office last Wednesday morning and addressing the attorney said:

"Good mornin' ter yez."

"Good morning."

"Oi hear that yez is a dacint man and a dacint lawyer."

"Well, what can I do for you, my man."

"Well, yez see, Oi've a bit av a gurrul at the state farm, as has not been good in the past, and Oi want ter git her out. Oi'm told that yez can give me a writ av Corpus Christi that'll do the job. Wad yez be so kind as ter fix me wid wan av thim?"

The lawyer assured his client that he had got the law and the church slightly mixed, but he would endeavor to get the habeas corpus writ.—*Providence Journal.*

No Time to Lose.

"I hear, colonel, that your son is about to take a vacation?"

"Yes. He has worked so long and steadily in the bank that he needs rest and will take a run over to Canada?"

"He will, eh! Excuse me——"

"What's your hurry?"

"I have some money in that bank."

DOMESTIC HINTS.

STEAMED PUDDING.

One and one-half cups sugar, one quart sour milk, one cup currants, one teaspoon saleratus, one teaspoon salt, one or two eggs, one teaspoon shortening; steam two and one-half to three hours, then bake one-half hour.

WHITE SAUCE.

Put into a sauce pan a quarter of a pound of butter, and mix it with a spoonful of flour, add a glass of water, set it on the fire, and keep stirring; when it boils take it off, set it aside and salt it. If your sauce be too thick, add a little water; if too thin, a piece of butter, and turn it afresh.

SCALLOP MEAT.

Take cracker crumbs, macaroni, cold meat, the gravy for the meat, or soup stock. Boil the macaroni until soft, put a little cold water on it to prevent it sticking together; cut the meat in small pieces, cover the bottom of a deep dish with the crumbs, then a layer of meat, a little salt and peper, a layer of macaroni, crumbs, meat, etc., with the crumbs last, and over all pour the gravy. Bake one-half hour.

COOKIES.

One cup butter, two cups sugar, four eggs, four cups flour, three tablespoonfuls milk, three teaspoonfuls baking powder; rub the flour and butter thoroughly together, cream the butter and sugar, beat the eggs separately, add to the above, with a little nutmeg and cinnamon, or any seasoning preferred; sift in the flour and baking powder, and add enough flour to mould and roll out.

STEWED VEAL.

Cut the meat in pieces, wash them clean, and put them into the stew pot, add three pints of water, put in one onion, some pepper and salt, let it stew one hour, then add sliced potatoes, and make a crust of sour milk or cream tartar; put in and stew till the potatoes are done, about half an hour; the crust may be made into biscuits.

VINEGAR PIE.

Two eggs, reserving the whites for frosting, one teacup sugar, one teacup cold water, one tablespoonful flour, one tablespoonful sherry vinegar; flavor with lemon.

LEMON CAKES.

Three-fourths of a pound of flour and two ounces of butter rubbed together in a dry state; then add three-fourths of a pound of white sugar, the juice and rind of one lemon, and one egg. Bake in small cakes on a tin.

JELLY ROLL.

One cup of flour, one cup of sugar, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two tablespoonfuls of water, three eggs, two level teaspoonfuls of cream tartar and one teaspoonful of soda sifted into the flour. Put all the ingredients together and beat ten minutes, bake in two long sheets, spread with jelly and roll up while hot. Cream of tartar and soda may be omitted, and one teaspoonful of baking powder used instead.

LIGHT BISCUIT.

Two quarts of best sifted flour, one pint sweet milk, in which melt one-quarter pound of butter, one teaspoonful salt in the milk, one teacup fresh yeast; make a hole in the centre, pour in the yeast (well shaken), stir diligently with a fork; let the milk, etc., be just lukewarm (no more), then knead as bread; cut it across through and through with a knife; let it rise six or seven hours, as it may require; take from the pan, knead it well, cut in small cakes and put to rise in pan an hour or more before baking; this recipe, with sugar and suitable spices, makes excellent doughnuts.

CHICKEN BROTH.

Cut chicken into quarters, lay it in salt and water an hour; put on in soup kettle with an onion and four quarts of water. Bring very slowly to gentle boil and keep this up until the liquid has diminished one-third and the meat shrinks from the bones. Take out the chicken, salt it and set aside with a cupful of broth in a bowl (covered) until next day. Season rest of broth and put back over the fire. Boil up and skim, add nearly a cupful of rice, previously soaked in a bowl of water. Cook slowly until the rice is tender. Stir a cupful of hot milk into two beaten eggs, then into broth. Let all come barely to a boil. When you have added a handful of finely-minced parsley pour out into tureens and serve.

The President's Scrapbook.

Mrs. Cleveland—Grover, what kind of a scrapbook is this you're getting up ?

"Why, a scrapkook of pictures. What's wrong with it ?"

"I never saw such a collection in my life. There are pictures of Indians and cowboys, and all sorts of outlandish people."

"My dear, those are all pictures of your husband which I clipped from western papers.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

Scaring a Mob.

First Chicago Man—I hear there is to be another bread-or-blood parade.

Second Chicago Man—Yes, I have heard about it.

"And they are coming right down the street you live on and may bombard your house."

"I have arranged to prevent that. The procession won't pass my house; they will turn off at the next corner."

"Got a police guard?"

"No, I've erected a sign there: 'Men Wanted.'"

Who Supported Atlas?

"Now, Mary Ann," said the teacher, addressing the foremost of the class in mythology, "who was it that supported the world on his shoulders ?"

"It was Atlas, ma'am."

"And who supported Atlas ?"

"The book dosen't say, but I guess his wife supported him."—*Chicago Sunday National.*

A new novelty is an automatic pencil that writes blue, red, violet, and black as desired.

The Ypsilantian.

Hon. Albert Miller, one of the heavy lumbermen of Bay City, is spending a few days in town. His errand combines both business and a visit to Mr. D. B. Rorison, his father-in-law. Mr. Miller is a broad-gauge democrat who has evidently studied to some purpose the policy of protection to home interests; for he is willing to admit that an organization, whether state or church, has a right to consider the interests of its own members first, before it allows its benevolence to flow over to those who assume none of its burdens or responsibilities. In a brief interview with the gentleman, we learn that, like all other intelligent men, he regards the tariff on lumber simply as a means to secure the home market to home industry, and as having no effect on the price of lumber itself. The only effect of free trade in lumber, he concedes, would be to put $2 per thousand more into the pockets of the Canadian manufacturer. He admits the absurdity of the claim that the insignficant imports from Canada establishes the price in our own market. The six billion feet, which is the annual home output, would continue under free trade to determine the price; and Canada would reap the benefit while our own government would be $700,000 poorer. A very sensible view from a very intelligent and practical man.

The Atlanta local option election, last Saturday, reversed the verdict of two years ago, giving a majority of 1109 against prohibition in the city and 300 in the county precincts. The majority for prohibition two years ago was 228 This result will surprise many who have believed the operation of the law successful and beneficial, but it is easily explained. The result is due to the negro vote, which was before divided with the larger part on the "dry" side, but which now went largely "wet." The inteligent sentiment of the community was more strongly prohibition now than before, the beneficent working of the law in behalf of the poor having converted a number of prominent men who before opposed it; but the poor themselves, who embrace nearly all of the negroes, have yet much to learn, and they are taking the right path to learn it. The experience of two more "wet" years was needed, to show more clearly the contrast between the two systems; and, beside, the white people of the state have not yet fulfilled the measure of atonement for the awful crime of slavery.

A conference of County Agents and convention of the Board of Corrections and Charities will be held in Alma College chapel, next Tuesday and Wednesday, 6th and 7th—the former body holding its sessions at 2 p. m. Tuesday and 9 a. m. Wednesday, and the latter at 7 p. m. Tuesday and 2 and 7 p. m. Wednesday. An extended program of valuable papers and discussions is prepared, and all public officers having relations with pauper and penal institutions are especially invited.

A case in which Judge Joslyn granted an injunction in 1884 restraining the State Auditor from collecting taxes upon the gross earnings of the Merchants' Despatch Transportation Co., in which the Michigan Supreme Court reversed the decision here and dissolved the injunction, has just been decided by the U. S. Supreme Court in favor of the complainant, reversing the opinion of the State Supreme Court and sustaining the opinion of Judge Joslyn.

Suit has been commenced at Charlotte by a fire sufferer against the city, for damages caused by the burning of a wooden building suffered by the council to be erected within the fire limits. Food for reflection in that.

The Cost of Beef.

An Agricultural College bulletin reports the results of experiments of great practical value, designed to test the relative cost of fattening different breeds of cattle. Ten steers were selected, kept in a small field, and fed in the barn three times a day with meal and hay, and in April and May some roots and ensilage. After six months trial, the following record is made of the food consumed and gain in flesh made by each animal: [The ages given are in months, at the beginning of the trial.]

Breed.	March, 1887. Age.	Weight.	Gain, lbs.	Lbs. food to 1 lb. gained. Grain.	Hay.
Devon	12	820	1.33	3.43	3.71
Hereford	17	1100	1.12	4.65	6.19
Galloway	13	1050	1.48	3.62	4.07
Galloway	14	1266	1.64	4.08	4.84
Holstein	16	1406	1.72	4.85	5 29
Holstein	13	1126	1.76	3.47	3.70
Short Horn	16	1310	1.58	4.98	5.17
Short Horn	15	1160	1.56	4.14	4.75
Jersey	13	925	1.58	2.85	3.57
Jersey	19	1046	1.16	6.77	6.95

These results are not conclusive, but the same line of experiment on a larger scale probably would be. So far as this shows, the Devon stands at the head of the list; but noting the immense discrepancy between the two Jerseys, one of which decidedly leads the Devon, we cannot be sure that another Devon would not have reduced the average of that breed.

Stony Creek.

Mr. MacMahon and wife entertained friends from Palmyra, last Saturday.

Mr. Whipple and wife and daughter spent Thanksgiving with his sister, Mrs. Wm. Vandyne.

Mrs. W. Barr spent Thanksgiving with her daughter, Mrs. George McGee of Farmington.

Mr. Erastus Basom had a cancer removed from his eye last week.

Mr. C. Hover and wife spent Thanksgiving with friends near South Lyon.

Miss Maggie Lowery spent a part of last week with friends at Mooreville.

The Stony Creek Mission Band will give an entertainment at the Presbyterian church, Dec. 9. The young ladies think it will be a success. So everyboby come and bring your 15 cts.

How I Felt.

Why, two years ago I was just about crazy, and no wonder that my wife and children were afraid of me. You just want to suffer with neuralgia with no relief as I did until I used Sulphur Bitters. They cured me, and now my wife says I am meek as lamb.—Robert Davis, American House, Boston. 1314

A Happy Thanksgiving Episode.

We witnessed a most interesting scene, in the college chapel at Oberlin, on Thanksgiving Day. The chapel service there is an interesting and inspiring occasion at any time, and he would be insensible indeed who could, unmoved, look upon that sea of bright, young faces, and listen to the twelve hundred voices swelling a sacred chorus that even the great organ could not drown. But on this occasion there was something extra on the program. The venerable President Fairchild, who has stood at the head of the institution ever since Finney laid down the responsibility, was 70 years old, that day; and the students had planned the presentation of a testimonial to him, with such skill that, although the entire enrollment of college, conservatory, and theological seminary participated in it, the president came to chapel all unconscious of the conspiracy, and his strikingly benevolent face beamed blandly from the platform, as usual. At the close of the prayer, the organ delayed the signal to retire, and a student stepped forward and very briefly addressed the beloved president, presenting to him, as a testimonial of the love they all bore for him, a beautiful overcoat, lined throughout with fur, and a rich sealskin cap and gloves. Twelve hundred pairs of eager eyes were fixed upon his face, and when he slowly rose to his feet the storm of applause kept him silent for some minutes; and then he responded with feeling, and beautifully referred to the happy relations in the school that had made his labor delightful. When he had finished, nobody seemed disposed to go; and not until he had thrown off his coat and put on the new garment, was any one willing to leave the hall. Successive generations of students have come and gone, under President Fairchild's administration, and he has held the affection of them all, to a remarkable degree. Some of them are among our readers, and they will be glad to read of this happy Thanksgiving episode. Mrs. M. W. Fairfield, of this city, is a sister of his. The faculty also united in a handsome gift afterward.

Washtenaw County Club.

Delegates from Republican Clubs from all over the union are to meet in New York, December 15, 16 and 17, for consulting together over the issues to be brought up in the next campaign. The convention is to be held in Chickering Hall, where leading republicans are to make addresses. This Club of Washtenaw republicans is invited to send delegates, and for their selection there will be a meeting of the Club at the Courier office, Monday forenoon, Dec. 5th, at 10 o'clock. By order of

THE PRESIDENT.

Lottie Church.

The rare event of a three-night season here will be inaugurated at the opera house next Monday evening, when the talented melodramatic artiste, Lottie Church, will appear here for the first time. Her repertoire embraces six thrilling plays written expressly for her, and the program changes each night.

Quick Time to the Pacific via Niagara Falls.

The time between New York and San Francisco over the New York Central and Michigan Central, in connection with the Omaha lines, the Union Pacific, and the Central Pacific, will be reduced fully twenty-four hours, on and after Nov. 20th. On and after the date mentioned the transcontinental train will leave the Grand Central Station, New York, at 6 p. m., arrive at Chicago 9:30 p. m., Omaha 10 a. m., and at San Francisco 7:10 p. m.. on the fifth day. East-bound, the transcontinental train will leave San Francisco at 6 p. m., Omaha 6 p. m., arrive at Chicago about 2 p. m., connecting at Chicago with the Michigan Central and New York Central by way of Niagara Falls, arriving at the Grand Central Station, New York, at 8:15 p. m. A passenger can then take dinner in the dining car immediately after the departure of the train from the Grand Central Station, say Tuesday evening, and dine at the hotel in San Francisco the Saturday evening following.—New York Times.

All east-bound express trains on the New York Central & Hudson River Railroad, in connection with the Michigan Central—the "Niagara Falls route"—now stop at their magnificent new up-town station at 138th street, New York City.

This station, which is in the immediate vicinity of the most populous suburbs of New York, accommodates a population of over 300,000, and is accessible by Madison avenue and Third avenue street cars from all parts of Harlem or the upper section of the city.

The Michigan Central trains leaving Chicago at 90:00 a. m., 3:10 p. m., and 9:00 p. m., and 12:05 p. m., stop at 138th street and reach Grand Central Station ten minutes later. Ypsilanti 5 45 p. m. 9:56 p. m., 4:50 a. m., and 10:47 a. m.

California Excursions.

The Michigan Central, in connection with Western lines, has made arrangements for a series of weekly excursions over different routes and at greatly reduced rates to San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego, and other California points embracing the most delightful portions of the Pacific Coast. For information relative to sleeping car accommodations, rates, routes, etc., consult the nearest Michigan Central ticket agent or write to D. W. Johnson, Michigan Passenger Agent, Grand Rapids, Mich.

Taxes—1887!

The Treasurer of the township of Ypsilanti will be at the grocery store of Arthur H. Smith, on Friday and Saturday during December to receive and receipt for the tax of said township. B. D. LOOMIS, Treasurer.

A Girl Wanted.

To do general housework at Mrs. Gay's, junction of Forest ave. and Ellis street.

Bargains at H. P. Glover's. One case of men's scarlet all wool shirts and drawers, at 75 cts., worth $1.25.

What Shall Our Boys Do Nights?

Where shall they spend their long winter evenings, that hang often so heavily on their hands when there is nothing to occupy them? With what shall they busy themselves in the hours between 6 and 10, so fraught with peril to the youth in every town? The skating rink, that formerly absorbed so much attention, is gone, and its fascination is probably a thing of the past. Some people did not highly esteem it as a place of resort, but that is no longer a living question here. The toboggan slide is also gone and will not be likely to return. The lectures and other entertainments are only occasional. There is one thing that remains. Rinks may come and slides may go, but the saloon goes on forever—at least, the termination of it has not yet been perceived. The saloons ye have always with you—the boys can go there.

But would it be well for them? Is there nothing else? No, it would not be well, and there is something else, fortunately. We are glad that there is, and we are glad to call attention to it. Next Monday evening, Dec. 5, there will begin at Cleary's Business College a twelve-week's course of night school, occupying all the evenings in each week, except Saturday and Sunday. That solves the question for every boy who has any ambition for the future, and we wish that many who spend the hours unprofitably would avail themselves of it. Beside book-keeping, the course will embrace arithmetic, penmanship, grammar, spelling, business forms, correspondence, short-hand and type writing. In the book-keeping, Mr. Cleary's new practical method dispenses entirely with text-books, and puts the student into all the operations of actual business. No detail is omitted. Whatever a man renting a store and beginning and carrying on business on our street would have to do, inside and outside, to meet the conditions of success, the student at Cleary's College does. Boys and young men who cannot take the ordinary day course, can take this. There are many whose earlier advantages were insufficient, and who are in consequence, now employed at less renumerative occupations than they might be, who can improve the opportunity that this presents to better equip themselves for the battle of life in which they are engaging. We hope they will not neglect it, and that our people generally will encourage Mr. Cleary in his work by giving their influence for the success of this night school. The service that we can thus render to our community, in improving the capabilities of those who shall soon bear its burdens, will be very great.

This school is also open on equal terms to young ladies, and it is quite as important to them as to their brothers. Book-keeping, type-writing, and short-hand are all open to them as desirable employments, into which they are comming more and more, and for which they may qualify themselves with as much facility as the young men.

All students will have the benefit of both class and individual instruction, and can so be sure of all the special help they may need to maintain standing in the course. All necessary details can be learned on application to Mr. Cleary.

Cabinet albums at 40 cents, 75 cents, $1.00, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75, $2.25, etc. etc. at the Bazarette. Call and see them.

First class Midnight Germantown 22 cts. a skein at the Bazarette.

The Bazarette keeps first class Midnight Germantown yarn 22 cents a skein.

Silk handkerchiefs from 15 cents up to $1.00; mufflers from 25 cents to $2.25 at the Bazarette.

First class Longwool at 30 cents per whole skein or 15 cents for one half skein at the Bazarette.

Thirty cents a skein for first class Longwool at the Bazarette.

For Sale Cheap.

Cottage rooms, $400—$50 down and $10 per month. J. N. WALLACE & CO.

To Rent.

A house to rent on Summit St. at the west end of Pearl St. Apply to W. B. Clark.

For Sale.

Two vacant lots at the depot nearly opposite the Follett House. Inquire of F. A. Stebbins.

One Bath

At the Ypsilanti Sanitarium will cure a cold, if the bath be taken in time. tf

For Sale.

A good residence for sale, one block from Union seminary, very cheap. Address Box 809, Ypsilanti, Mich. tf

The Ypsilanti Sanitarium.

The Mineral Baths given at this institution are sure cure for Colds, Catarrah, Sciatica, Lame Back, Rheumatism and Salt Rheum. tf

The Jaxon crackers are always well baked and are the best oyster cracker in the market. 1214

35 cent dress goods for 19 cts, 75 cent Cashmere, for 50 cents are a few of Comstock and Co's Bargains.

The Jaxon Cracker Co. warrant their crackers and sweet goods as good as any that are made. 1214

Duchess lace hdkfs with linen lawn centers.

Black spanish and chantilly Fischus and scarfs.

French broadcloths for tailor made suits, at H. P. Glover's.

Most all the grocers in Ypsilanti sell "Jaxon" crackers. Ask for them. 1214

DR. BENNETT

Will be at the Hawkins House Tuesday, Dec. 6, and there is no man in all Michigan that has the experience or gives the results in treating chronic troubles. Piles of all kinds, no matter what the complication, cured without knife, ligature or pain. Hernia, every case he touches, gets well, and only one week to know it is done.

Go and see him Tuesday, as it will cost no one anything to learn how he does it.

NORMAL

Lecture & Music Course

Entertainments in this Course are arranged for the following dates:

CONCERT—*Thursday evening, Dec. 1,*

The Musin Grand Concert Co.

LECTURE—*Tuesday evening, Dec. 13,*

Hon. W. H. S. Aubrey, L. D., of England,

Subject—Gladstone; his Characteristics, his Personality, and his Career.

LECTURE—*Tuesday evening, Jan. 3,*

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, of Massachusetts,

Subject—Wendel Phillips and his Times.

LECTURE—*Thursday evening, Jan. 26,*

Frank Beard, the Chalk-Talk Artist,

Subject—The Mission of Humor.

LECTURE—*Thursday evening, Feb. 9,*

Wallace Bruce, of New York,

Subject—Robert Burns.

CONCERT—*Tuesday evening, Feb. 14,*

The Welsh Prize Singers,

from the Cardiff Choir, Wales.

LECTURE—*Tuesday evening, Feb. 21,*

Col. Augustus Jacobson,

the originatar of the Chicago Manual Training School,

Subject—Manual Training.

CONCERT—*Tuesday evening, March 6,*

The Clara Louise Kellogg Concert and Opera Co.

The evening's program will consist of two parts:

I. A Grand Concert of Eight Numbers.

II. The entire Third Act of Gounod's Grand Opera "Faust," given in costume with appropriate stage setting.

LECTURE—(Extra) *Monday, March 19,*

Rev. Jahu DeWitt Miller, of Connecticut,

Subject—The Uses of Ugliness.

The above dates are subject to change. A date for the remaining extra will be announced as soon as arranged.

COB FIRE KINDLER!

NO MORE EXPLOSIONS!

Skrimishing for dry kindling is now a thing of the past. The Cob Fire Kindler is always ready for use and sure to burn whether the draft is light or strong. It is the only kindler in the market which can

ALWAYS BE RELIED ON.

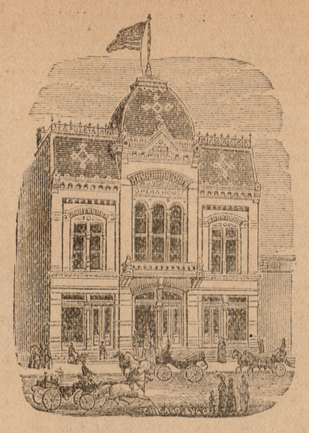
It is neat and handy for use, perfectly safe, convenient, and effective, and the cheapest in the market. After one trial no other kindler will be used. Directions accompany every box.

For Sale by All Grocers.

SCOTNEY BROS.,

Manufacturers, Ypsilanti, Mich.

"I'm Just Going Down to the Gate" and 86 other Popular Ballads, in book form, size of Sheet Music. Sent, post-paid, for ONLY FOUR CENTS. Stamps taken. AMERICAN PUBLISHING CO. 3860 Fairmount Ave., Philadelphia Pa.



YPSILANTI OPERA HOUSE

THREE NIGHTS

Commencing Monday, Dec. 5th,

The Charming American Soubrette,

LOTTIE CHURCH,

In a Reportoire of New Sensational Comedy Dramas, Writtten Expressly for the above Artiste.

MONTE,
RIVER PIRATES,
TRIX—UNKNOWN,
THROWN ON THE WORLD,
QUEEN OF THE MOUNTAINS.

Change of Program Nightly.

ADMISSION, 25, 35 and 50c.

Reserved Seats at Dodge's Jewelry Store.

E. SAMSON,

Is now receiving

CHRISTMAS GOODS

MORE BEAUTIFUL

AND

Cheaper Than Ever.

SLEIGHS

SLEIGHS. SLEIGHS. SLEIGHS. SLEIGHS. SLEIGHS. SLEIGHS. SLEIGHS. SLEIGHS. SLEIGHS. SLEIGHS. SLEIGHS. SLEIGHS.

WINTER WILL COME!

and with it the beautiful snow, and the boys will be hunting up their Sleighs to enjoy the fun. Many of them will be sadly the worse for the wear of last year, and new ones will be needed. As Santa Claus does not make his annual visit until Christmas we have determined to get the start of him, and will present

WITH EVERY CASH SALE OF

Boys' Suits or Overcoats

AMOUNTING TO FIVE DOLLARS,

A BEAUTIFUL

SLEIGH,

strong enough for the big boys and fancy enough for the small ones. See them in our window.

Alban & Johnson,

Congress Street, Ypsilanti.

SLEIGHS

ESTABLISHED 1861.

Santa Claus and Frank Smith.

The old partnership again, but the stock is larger and prices smaller than ever before. If you want

Jewelry, Books, Albums, Picture Frames,

Toilet Sets, Dressing Cases, Toys,

Or anything in the line of Fancy Goods; if you want Good Goods at BOTTOM PRICES; if you want to save time and money, go first to the EMPORIUM. If you don't know what you want, there is nothing like

FRANK SMITH'S EMPORIUM!

To help you out.

Special Prices given to committees selecting for schools and classes. Go early and often.

L. M. DUGGAN,

GILBERT BLOCK, AT THE DEPOT,

—DEALER IN—

Boots & Shoes

Special Bargains in Best Goods during the next Thirty days.

A Splendid Felt Boot (the best) with High Rubbers, for only $2.25.

High Rubbers for Felt Boots, only $1.00.

My Prices are the Lowest and my goods guaranteed. Repairing neatly done—Sewed work a specialty.

L. M. DUGGAN.

26th Annual Announcement!

An Inspection of our

NEW GOODS

Suitable for

HOLIDAY-:-GIFTS

is respectfully solicited.

S. H. DODGE,

JEWELER.